60 CENTS
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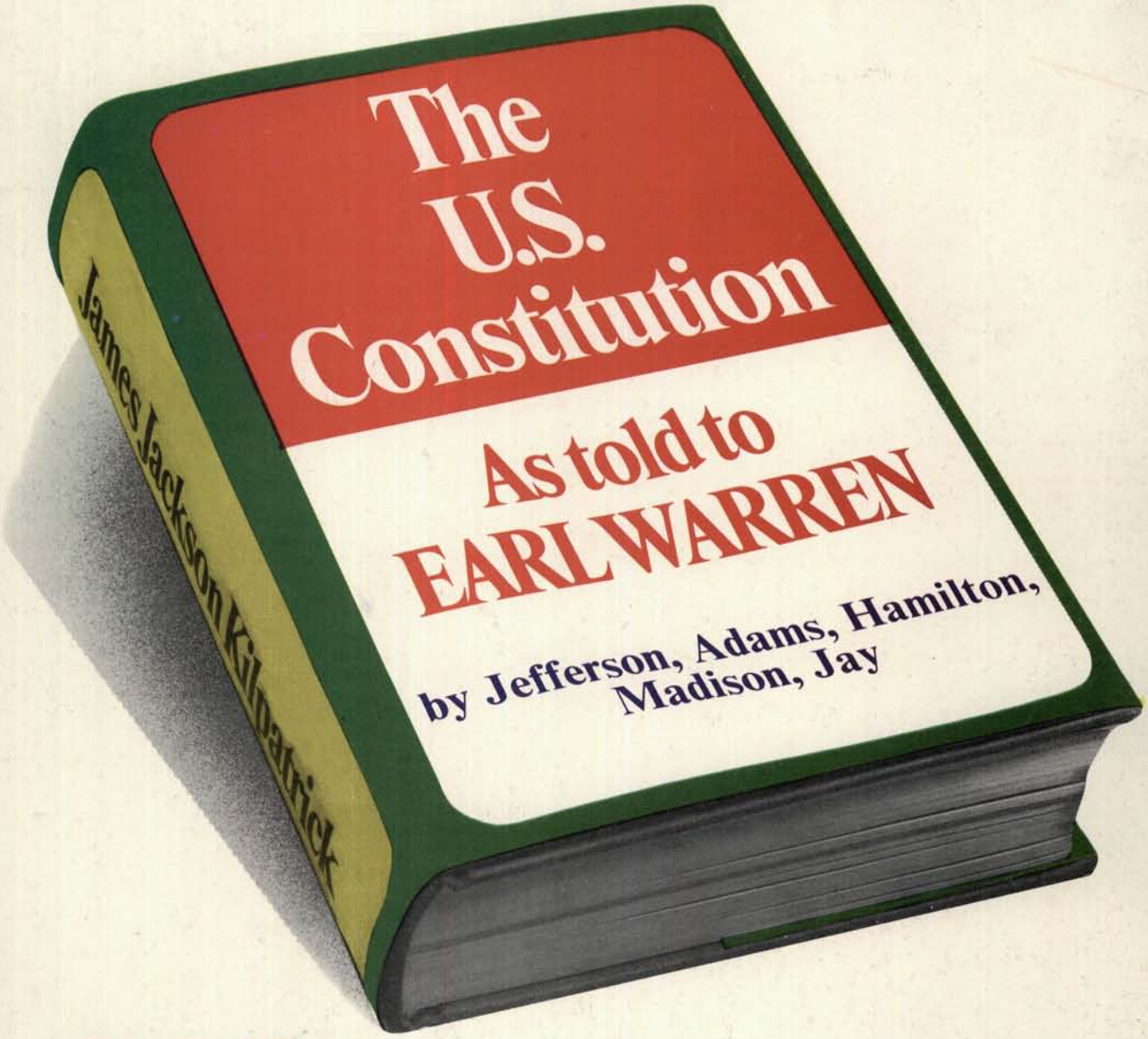
AUGUST 12, 1969

James Jackson Kilpatrick on
THE WARREN LEGACY

NATIONAL REVIEW



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Ernest van den Haag on The Court and Welfare * The Long Road from China by Robin C. C. Wu * Nika Standen Hazelton on La Caravelle * Also Kenner, Berenson, Corinna Marsh *

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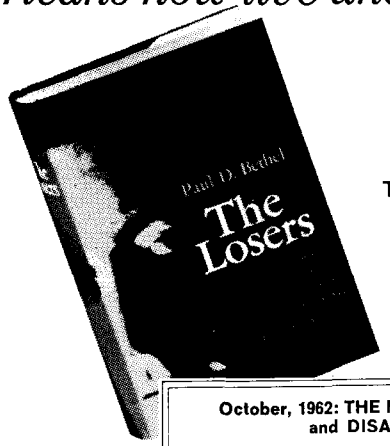

THE LOSERS

The Definitive Account, by an Eyewitness, of the Betrayal of Cuba and Its Abandonment to Communism

by Paul D. Bethel

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WHO ARE THE LOSERS?
Here Are Some of Them . . .

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HERBERT MATTHEWS. Who used **The New York Times**, the most powerful newspaper in the world, to camouflage the Communists and their plans for bloody revolution.

WILLIAM MORGAN. American adventurer and outlaw, he soldiered for Castro and paid for it with his life in Castro's grisliest execution.

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Author Paul Bethel, one of the best informed men in the world on Latin America, sensed the coming cataclysm when he was stationed at our Embassy in Cuba. He began his massive research for this book in 1958 – *before Castro came to power.* He was an eyewitness to much of what happened. In *The Losers* he tells the *full* incredible story that has been ignored – even suppressed – in U.S. media. Who, precisely, engineered the sellout of Cuba? Who wrecked the invasion? Was there really a missile crisis in 1962 – or an actual prearranged *Soviet deal?* What about the establishment of Cuba as New World headquarters for the spread of Communism through violent revolution? The answers are all here in detail, and much more. Examples:

- **Brazen lies pave Castro's road to power. U.S. intellectuals invent facts as needed, dominate the press, pull State Department strings.**
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- **Origins of the Castroite revolt in the Dominican Republic. Paul Bethel lands with the Marines, gives us a rare firsthand case study of a revolution. All about the infamous Juan Bosch.**
- **"Two, three or more Vietnams."**
- **Spreading Castro's revolution. The "fishing" fleet that carries Cuban spies to Mexico, South America, Africa.**
- **What Castro taught the Kremlin about wars of "liberation."**
- **The shame of the Bay of Pigs. John Kennedy's cowardice. His later obsessive guilt.**
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- **Sol Linowitz, the Ambassador from Xerox, does his bit to disarm anti-Communists.**
- **Guevara's deals with U.S. Black Power leaders. Puerto Rico under the gun. Infiltrating U.S. Negro communities. Use of dope to finance revolution. Stokely Carmichael and the Tricontinental group. H. Rap Brown calls Havana.**
- **Another missed opportunity to depose Castro.**
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FOR THE RECORD

■ The way of the world: **Hubert Humphrey**, in Russia on vacation, tried and failed to see Premier **Kosygin**, but hey presto, several days later (right after Chappaquiddick as a matter of fact) Russian officials had a change of heart and set up the meeting. . . . What they might have been considering was the current Polish and Czech embarrassment over their treatment of Citizen **Richard Nixon** several years back (Poland wouldn't give Nixon a visa; Czech authorities snubbed him—and President Nixon visits Rumania). . . . *Daily World* wondered editorially last week if "the hounds aren't baying at him [Senator **Kennedy**] . . . because he has shown some sensitivity to the issue of mass hunger and the demands of the black people and other minority peoples." . . . Senate Majority Leader **Mike Mansfield**, agreeing with everyone that Kennedy shouldn't run in 1972, added: "He is just as smart as his two brothers, and a better senator than either." . . . Supreme Court Justice **William Douglas**, in Brazil a month or so ago, told *Jornal do Brasil* that Ted Kennedy "is better prepared to promote the revolution than his two brothers **Robert** and **John Kennedy**." The only other American politician in a position to "promote the revolution which the people of the United States are now complaining about," in Douglas' opinion, was Sen. **Edmund Muskie**. . . . Another Douglas statement of interest: that the U.S. is making use of the Organization of American States (OAS) in the "same way that the USSR is utilizing the Warsaw Pact to intervene in Czechoslovakia."

■ Accidental or intentional: That Sen. **Eugene McCarthy** scheduled his "I won't run in Minnesota" press conference at the hour of the Apollo 11 splashdown? . . . Private polls in Minnesota had indicated that, in a primary, McCarthy would have lost to Hubert Humphrey anyway. . . . Five will get you ten that Edmund Muskie will be out beating for support on the hustings. Muskie spent several months traveling around earlier this year before concluding that Teddy had the nomination sewed up, which he announced to all.

Donato—*Toronto Telegram*, Ben Roth Agency

■ **South Africans** annoyed that they couldn't follow Apollo 11 on television, which doesn't exist in South Africa. United Party member of parliament **Jake Jacobs** attacked the government for its position on TV, called it an example of "ox wagon mentality." . . . Nineteen of the black African states do have TV. . . . The Swedish cabinet has voted against selling any more MF-19 training planes, or parts, to **Biafra**, which has used them effectively against Nigerian forces. . . . When the **Algerian government** asked the Asian and African consultative assembly in Belgrade to condemn the U.S. presence in Vietnam, Nigeria countered with the suggestion that they also denounce the Soviet presence in Czechoslovakia. Neither measure passed.

■ International buttinskys are at it again: this time they've organized a committee to pressure Australia into giving a passport to Communist journalist **Wilfred Burchett** (Burchett bought and propagated the germ warfare line in Korea; he's chief Vietnam—Hanoi-based—correspondent of radical *Guardian*). On the committee, the regulars: **Simone de Beauvoir** and **J-P. S.**, **Linus Pauling** and **Bertrand Russell**, **Mary McCarthy**, **Arthur Miller**, **Norman Mailer** and **Edgar Snow**. . . . Snow, incidentally, turned up last month with an article on the Chinese cultural revolution in *d'Il Manifesto*, the monthly of the "New Left" faction of the Italian Communist Party. . . . **Dr. Cheddi Jagan** has surfaced in Guyana again, after an extensive stay in Russia. Jagan admitted while in Moscow that his Progressive People's Party was indeed Communist. . . . Dissension in the ranks: **Herbert Marcuse** says of **Daniel Cohn-Bendit** (the Danny the Red who led the French student insurrection a year ago), "But of course, the man's an idiot" (*Birmingham News*, June 30).

■ Sadness in store for Bryn Mawr. Communist theoretician **Herbert Aptheker** (lecturer in Black Studies to be) was booed down by black women militants at an Oakland, California meeting of the National Conference Against Fascism (July 19)—when his speech started into the third hour. The trouble, according to the Socialist Party *Militant*, was that "this right-wing speech was a little too much for the considerably more left-wing audience.". . . **Victor Reisel** says Oakland marked formation of the united front between the Communist Party U.S.A. and the Black Panthers. The Panthers have the youth and muscle, the CP the organizational skills. Aim, to form a new "People's Party." First operation: a massive demonstration in Chicago on Sept. 24.

■ The head of an anti-nudity organization was arrested outside the **Kenneth Tynan** play, *Oh! Calcutta!* for illegal picketing. He was carrying a sign that said: "Put it On! Put it On!"

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16 things I learned from my wife...

since she started reading The National Observer

"Barbara is a model housewife. But she's the last person I would expect to brief me about what is going on in the world. So you can imagine my surprise when Barbara began talking about such news as:

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2. How to make sure you are buying a genuine antique—and not a piece of junk.
3. Why a psychologist says your child's name may be the key to his behavior.
4. How a new technique with ceramics is expected to put an end to dentures.
5. How to buy original sculpture as an investment.
6. How legal difficulties are holding up our progress in mining the ocean's wealth.
7. Why a new definition of death is the subject of controversy at the American Medical Association.
8. How some organized groups of housewives are waging a battle against high prices and inadequate service.
9. How you can increase and perhaps double your life insurance coverage... without spending a penny more.
10. How families are saving hundreds of dollars on air fares by understanding the airline 'rate language'.
11. Steps to take immediately to protect yourself if you lose your credit cards.
12. Why house-hunters should check the size of the furniture in model homes.
13. Why Canadian officials are considering making it easier for U.S. Army deserters to find sanctuary in Canada.
14. How a scientist in Pennsylvania is teaching trees to resist air pollution.
15. How to save money—perhaps hundreds of dollars—when purchasing a new car.
16. Why a well-known zoologist thinks it may soon become necessary to let the grizzly bear become extinct.

"Where did Barbara get all of this information? Certainly not from day time television or the local paper. No — a short while ago, on a friend's advice, she took out a subscription to The National Observer, the national weekly newspaper. I could see the change in her almost immediately, and when I began reading The Observer, too, I knew why. It really *explains* the news. Each story is not just a collection of facts, but a fascinating, thorough report that puts all the pieces together.

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For Bridge enthusiasts, there's "Better Bridge"; for crossword fans, a really challenging weekly brain-tickler; for recipe collectors, a gem or two almost every week in "Food for Thought." And for both you and your youngsters, there's a weekly news quiz, plus "Current Events Classroom," a column which brings you news background on topics such as the mystery of certain Unidentified Flying Objects for which the United States Air Force has no explanation. On the lighter side, "Reflections" explores the random aspects of life such as the "good old days" when a pocket watch was a major status symbol. And, "The Compleat Consumer" offers you tips on how to live better and get the best buy for your dollar, whether you're planning to buy a car . . . a camera . . . or take a vacation cruise.

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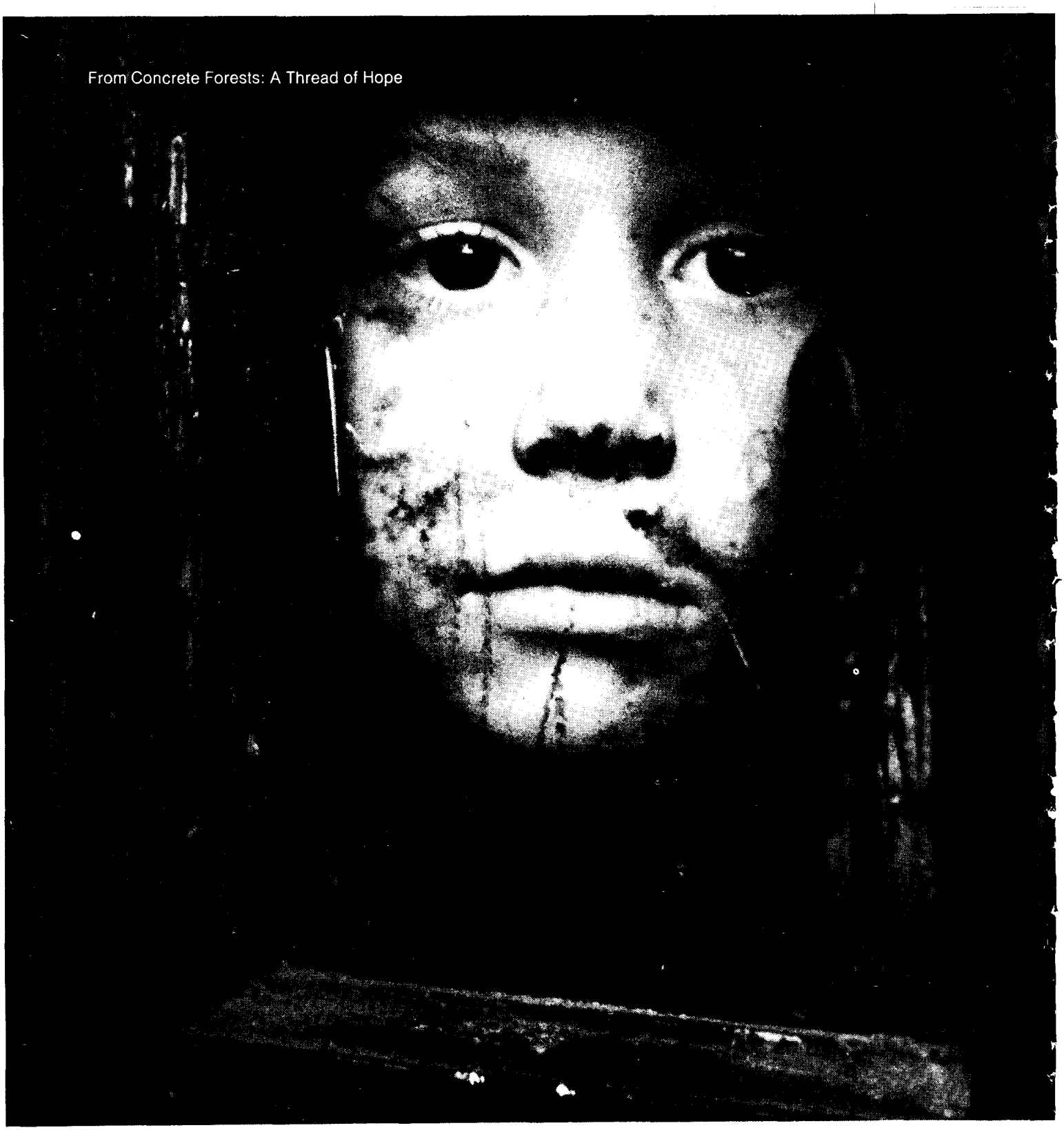
From Concrete Forests: A Thread of Hope



UNDER TODAY'S HEADLINE THERE'S A THREAD OF HOPE

It's called "Tomorrow."
It drifts in out of
the darkness
from somewhere
behind the sea.
Misty. Pale. Gray.
Cool.
Tomorrow
is a clean, unlived,
shimmering day.
It touches us.
We stir.
Black. White. Yellow.
In sleepy green villages.
Crowded ghettos.
By yellow grain.
Battlefields.
The day's history
begins. Words.
On paper!
We make paper out of
paper.
We wash yesterday's
history out of it.
The ink.
We beat out yesterday's
clay. And resins.
And fillers.
And binders.
A thread remains:
A clean, pure fiber born
long ago in a green
forest.
These fibers are
disciplined by age,
by use, by rebirth.
More obedient,
more stable
for having known
so many yesterdays.
You can burn and waste
yesterday's discarded
paper.
You can also waste
those who shaped its
headline.
The restless. Hopeless.
Hungry.
Tempest-tossed.
Better to wash, and
churn, and rearrange,
and restore,
and preserve,
and renew,
and purify
the fabric of our
culture.
The thread of hope.
Then some tomorrow
history may write
great, happy,
wonderful news.
We'll wash that out, too!
Tomorrow.
Tomorrow is washday!
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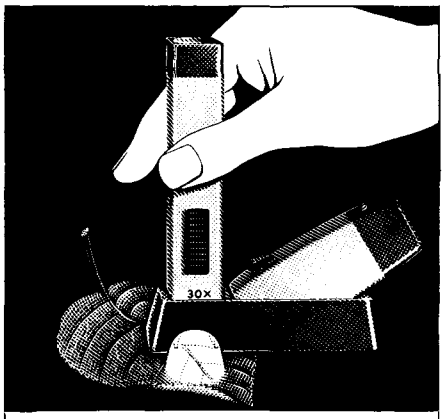

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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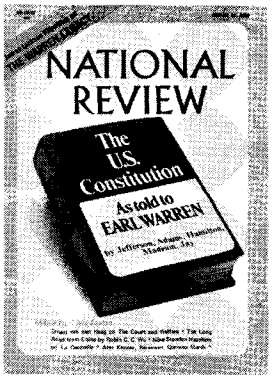
IN THIS ISSUE

■ **James Jackson Kilpatrick** examines the legacy left by the Warren Court and finds little in it to justify the cost of probate. Muzzy theories of social scientism were combined with a lack of self-restraint, says Kilpatrick, to produce the Court's often destructive subjective opinions. . . . **Ernest van den Haag** chooses as his text the recent Supreme Court decision which outlawed residence requirements for welfare recipients. Both the decision and the reasoning behind it are silly, says van den Haag, who then proceeds to write a sensible welfare law. . . . **William A. Rusher** discusses the nihilism of the New Leftists, shudders at their manners and morals, and finds himself, much against his better judgment, mildly nostalgic for the ideologues of the Old Left, with whom, he points out, you could at least argue. . . . **Robin Wu**, *NR*'s librarian, makes his first appearance as an author with a description of the long trek out of China. Robin knows whereof he writes, having made the trip as a small boy with his family when the Communists came to power. . . . **John Brennan** uses the occasion of our moon shot to satirize the simplisms of life in the welfare state.



■ **James Burnham** picks up William Rusher's disquisition on the New Left and labels their philosophy not only nihilistic but anachronistic. . . . **Nika Standen Hazelton** dines at La Caravelle and finds, to her horror, that the service could have been choreographed by campus militants. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** analyzes President Nixon's proposed visit to Rumania and sees two possible motives, both of which, he believes, could spell trouble for Rumania, a country the Russians are fond of marching into. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** reminds us there is little to support a theory of Soviet softening, reflects on Don Juan, and cheers for the space heroes.

■ **Hugh Kenner** reviews a study of the relationship between technology and architecture which establishes a contemporary basis for aesthetic judgments. . . . **C. H. Simonds** takes on Gay Talese's tale of the *Times* and pronounces it precisely as interesting as the subject. . . . **Corinna Marsh**, who wants us all to know that she doesn't believe in A Single Thing NATIONAL REVIEW Does, stops being curmudgeonly long enough to confess that one thing *NR* did right was to run pieces by Aloise Buckley Heath, whose posthumous book, *Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?*, she reviews here. . . . **Ruth Berenson** rejoices in the rediscovery of the painters of the Hudson River School. Suddenly, she notes, it is becoming unnecessary to apologize to liberal theorists for admiring the strengths of our individualistic ancestors.

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LETTERS

In Memoriam Astri Clarissimi

Thank you for "Westbrook Pegler, RIP" [*NR*, July 15]. His columns in the *Washington Daily News* helped toward the preservation of our sanity during the many years we dwelt in a D.C. suburb and worked in a federal bureau. Mr. Pegler—as you do—told it like it is.

I carried one of his clippings for a long time until it disappeared in a shuffle. The column, on the evolution of a slum, was the best of anything I ever read on the subject. Pegler pointed out it is people who create slums, and that expensive programs to prevent slum development will do no good as long as there are slum-prone people. Again, thank you.

Vero Beach, Fla. FRANCES MONG

Westbrook Pegler was American journalism's most radiant star, sending forth his brightness to the old virtues, the old verities and keeping them brilliantly new.

Manorville, N.Y. WILLIAM J. B. MCLAUGHLIN

Your personal tribute and the article about Westbrook Pegler struck a responsive chord in me, perhaps because I was brought up to believe courage to be the ultimate virtue. If I was called upon to name Mr. Pegler's outstanding characteristic, I would have said him to be indomitable.

New York, N.Y. LUCY M. SHIELS

Miller on Purdue

As one of the hundreds of alumni who were at Purdue for Gala Week, May 1-4, and who observed much of the student demonstration at that time, I was deeply interested in David M. Miller's article, "On Being Had by the Radicals" [*NR*, July 15]. I talked with a representative of the administration, about twelve of the protesting students and three or four "square" students. I have also followed the course of the demonstrations rather closely in the local press and in a special release by the Purdue Alumni Association.

In general I find Professor Miller's article accurate and well reasoned. I wish to commend it. Strictly as a matter of opinion, however, I want to question his belief that the University administration acted unwisely, untimely and with doubtful morality; and that by its ineptitude aggravated the clash with dissenting students and faculty members. It is my opinion, shared I believe by almost all alumni and by a majority of students and the people of Lafayette, that the administration acted with great patience, wisdom, moderation and finesse. In all other re-

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spects I am in entire agreement with Professor Miller and congratulate him on his article.

Pine Village, Ind. DEAN M. JACKMAN

Get Out of the Box!

I wish to say to Mr. Antony C. Sutton that he has hit the nail on the head in his article, "Are We in a Pavlovian Box?" [NR, July 15].

I have been trying for some time to put my finger on just what is wrong with American foreign relations, especially as far as Communist Russia is concerned, and I believe Mr. Sutton has found at least one of the keys that will fit the lock.

How else can you explain the take-over of Cuba and Czechoslovakia under our noses, with the one in Czechoslovakia causing hardly a ripple? Compare this with the world moaning over our attempt to prevent the take-over of South Vietnam.

How have the people of this country allowed themselves to be "conditioned" in this manner? There is an old axiom: "He who does not stand for something, will fall for anything." We will have to stay with it, putting forth our best effort in expounding Christian principles as opposed to Communist principles, and we will have to hammer them in at every opportunity. It may make it nauseating to them, but that is the point. Why shouldn't we use the Pavlovian theory, too?

New York, N.Y. ARCH S. CHAPMAN

Antony Sutton's article emphasizes the continuing need for a coordinated policy with our allies on technological exports to the Communist countries.

Professor Sutton, by his recent book *Western Technology and Soviet Economic Development: 1917 to 1930* and his extensive research in this field from 1945 to date, has established himself as a leading authority on the transfer of Western technology and economic resources to the Soviet Union.

His devastating exposé of the Pavlovian technique could not have come at a better time. Congress is debating our antiballistic-missile program and the renewal of the Export Control Act—that is to say, our nuclear defense and our economic defense. It is no time to relax either.

The Pavlovian technique has some of our American manufacturers salivating for what they think is a lush Communist market. But even with all our relaxation of controls in the Johnson Administration and the unilateral "bridge-building," no such market has materialized, nor will it. The Communists have no acceptable exports in sufficient quantity to pay for imports from the U.S. It is different in the case of Western Europe whose economy is complementary to that of Eastern Europe.

The present Export Control Act gives the President full authority for flexible control of our exports in the interest of the foreign policy and national security of the United States. He can relax the controls to the Rumanians, the Czechoslovakians and any other captive nation seeking a breath of economic freedom and willling and able to turn to the United States. And he could tighten them on the Soviet Union and its Warsaw Pact nations when they invade their own allies or support wars and subversion anywhere.

Those who would amend the Export Control Act would limit controls to items of strictly military significance. The attempted distinction between military and civilian requirements and between "strategic" and "non-strategic" items has been an anachronism since World War I. And as for "peaceful goods" there is no such thing and never has been. Goods and weapons are neutral. Only the people who use them are peaceful or belligerent.

If the Communists want full partnership in international trade, let them first cease their subversion and aggression.

SAMUEL F. CLABAUGH
Research Associate
Center for Strategic and
Washington, D.C. International Studies

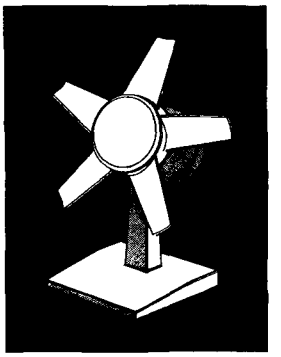
Lively Culture . . .

I do not think the amount of truth in Frank Meyer's "Apotheosis of the Crybaby" [*NR*, July 1] justifies its failure to balance criticism with appropriate praise. The liberal professors, clerics and journalists as well as the silent generation have been content to go to hell in a very prissy hand-basket, but the present generation is rushing to Limbo in a discarded hearse finger-painted in a kindergarten class. And I think by doing so they show more humanity than their immediate predecessors whose hand-basket they are fouling and than the next previous generation of yahoos and boosters who had no "images of excellence" in heroes and saints. To be human is to feel that materialism (such as that of the Twenties) and nihilism (the Silent Generation's) are an outrage against your humanity even if your reason has not been trained and revelation has not been passed on to you.

Consider that grey culture George and Gaylord Babbitt were satisfied with and the livelier and more excellent one which has replaced it. In personal adornment and in music and other arts we have a culture we never had before (although it has great hazards and many failures). The conservatives of the Twenties at best were merely traditionalists, the liberals were only interested in the esoteric, and both were too likely to lapse into preciosity or to cultivate something for its effect rather than intrinsic merit.

That is why I say Mr. Meyer has cause for shame. He might have reflected on how the good he knows and the good our young friends have found in their orphanage might be united and how the shortcomings of each might be partially eliminated.

Arlington, Va. CHARLES G. FLINN



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. . . or Spiritual Malnutrition

I should like to compliment you for printing John Rothchild's "The Un-silent Generation" [*NR*, June 17]. Mr. Rothchild writes with compassion and insight (a rare combination in these days). I was particularly pleased with his thesis concerning the helplessness, disorientation and frustration of the radical students. I believe, however, that Mr. Rothchild overlooked one important cause contributing to the dynamism and malaise (two sides to the same coin) of the radical student. This cause is rooted in the very heart of the American mis-education system. American schools formally avoid giving any spiritual food to students and the result is a spiritual malnutrition for which radicalism is a false cure, but at least an attempt. Eternity, God and absolutes play no formal role in the education of most American school children. American schools offer to students no chance to have fulfilled what Nietzsche called the "desire for deep profound eternity."

If one observes the intense and passionate manner in which radicals propose and seek to realize their goals as opposed to the goals themselves, one will soon note that their radicalism is fulfilling a religious function as much as a social one. All university reforms, short of turning universities into seminaries of radicalism, will fail to satisfy the SDSers, etc. because they are seeking a radical or basic reorientation of the world in accordance with their secular plans of redemption and not just the superficial alterations allowed by the liberal power structure. Radicalism with its hazy and secular absolutes is at least an attempt to make education relevant to the deepest human needs. But because these needs cannot find total fulfillment in this word, radicalism like all forms of gnosticism will culminate in a crushing *Weltschmerz.*

Berkeley, Cal. LEONARD P. WESSELL JR.

Congratulations on giving us John Rothchild's most perceptive article, "The Unsilent Generation." Over the years, NR has gone far beyond the call of duty in penetrating compassionately but critically the phenomenon of today's rebellious youth. This article is another one for the scrapbook. All the same, Rothchild seems to me to miss the mark at the one point on which the entire rebellion hangs: If there be feelings of alienation, dissatisfactions, revolutionary urges, premises of total absurdity, it must be society's fault.

Discontent can always find plausible reasons for itself in society, for there is always something wrong, and always has been. All the same, there is such a thing as metaphysical discontent, as Camus perceived with profound insight. It may complain about society, but in doing so it means all of life, the human condition, even the Creation as such. In the first three centuries of our era, this kind of discontent constituted itself as a world religion, the Gnostic religion, as Hans Jonas described it. Since then, Gnosticism has flared up again and again, here and there, with and without prompting from social conditions. It is a religion that enables people to feel equal or even superior to God, while at the same time venting their pent-up hostility against this world and human existence within it. Men and women embrace such ideas not from sociological necessity but by choice, and by choice remove themselves from our world and into a dream world of their own fancy. . . .

It requires no particular social imperfection to give oneself to the quest for "untrammelled freedom," and it cannot be blamed on society that people in this spirit feel the absence of warmth, love and community.

Notre Dame, Ind. GERHART NIEMEYER

National Review Revisited

This rainy weekend I finally decided to "do something about" that seven-year accumulation of *NR*s. Need I say how it ended?

Hours and hours spent re-reading articles by Aloïse Buckley Heath, suffering over her early death again; agonizing too at the remembrance of Goldwater's candidacy and defeat; relishing letters to the editor about the *Saturday Evening Post*'s treatment of him—and look what happened to them and him!; chuckling over WFB's wonderful way with words; admiring the prophetic cover of the Nov. 14, 1967 issue—"Can Nixon Make It This Time?" with Earl Warren administering the oath of office.

Just thought you'd like to know they aren't going to the junk man after all but neatly tied and wrapped to the attic for future rainy days.

Washington, N.J. MRS. ALBERT A. FERRARI

Bradley v. Yorty

Comments in recent issues of *NR* indicate to us that you on the East Coast have missed the significance of election returns in Los Angeles. This was not a black-white confrontation as the Eastern press and the *L.A. Times* might have led you to believe. Except for racist appeals by Bradley workers in black neighborhoods (observed personally), we feel racial aspects played an unimportant role for the average voter. In fact, many "guilt-ridden" whites seem to have voted for Bradley because of his color. Conservatives in California realized far more important issues were at stake.

1) Although a former member of the L.A. police, Bradley consistently showed hostile attitudes towards law enforcement.

2) Mr. Bradley's past and present political associations and supporters were cause for concern by thoughtful conservatives. (He was supported by, for example, Unruh, Brown and the CDC.)

3) Conservatives in both parties recognized the Bradley campaign as an attempted "comeback" for the far Left in California.

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4) Many sportsmen opposed Bradley because he favored gun registration and further restrictive gun laws.

5) Republican leaders realized that a Bradley win would make carrying L.A. County, the most populous in the state, far more difficult in statewide races.

6) The Yorty organization has directly and indirectly helped state and national Republican candidates in both Los Angeles and Orange Counties and can be expected to do so in the future.

To sum up, Bradley simply lost as a liberal caught in a conservative tide.

WILLIAM E. MERO
ROBERT E. WOLFE
Orange County Young Republicans
KATHLEEN J. MERO
Republican State Central Committee
La Habra, Cal.

Cheers from the Barrio

NR's wonderfully wild paragraph on Richard Sanchez ["The Week," July 1] was a loud and clear cannonade for the cause of ethnic good sense in our "barrio," echoed by our most widely read and free-swinging local columnist—fittingly on the Fourth of July. We hope the reverberations will spread, thanks to you. Mr. Sanchez was "shook-up" with surprise, as he didn't know the clips had been sent to you. I'm glad the *San Antonio News* reciprocated with publicity for NATIONAL REVIEW.

San Antonio, Tex. CAMILLA CAMPBELL

Kirk and Campbell

The refreshing ideas contained in the column "Free Choice: A Voucher Plan" by Russell Kirk [*NR*, June 17] are certain to cause a stir in the educational community. However, the educators will not pay any attention unless forced to by persistent citizens. Assemblyman Campbell is to be applauded. I hope Max Rafferty and Governor Reagan will consider supporting his program. Only if courageous public officials and interested citizens combine can the monopoly of our educational system be broken. The vise-like grip the educationalists hold will be loosened only if such an effort is made. The egalitarian nature of the monetary arrangement under this plan would be insignificant if quality education was made available to all who desire it.

FPO New York CRAIG RAMSAY

Grapes for the Migrants

After reading "Don't Eat Grapes Along with Me" by WFB in "On The Right" [*NR*, July 15], I planned to buy some grapes and mail them to Mrs. Kennedy. My only problem was, I did not know where to send the fruits of life because the Kennedys move to different congressional districts faster than the "migrant" grape pickers move. Perhaps you could publish her "current" address, so I could mail her the grapes anyway.

Bloomington, Ind. THOMAS FREY

Sorry; she's not on our mailing list. —ED.

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THE WEEK

■ Equal time for Mary Jo.

■ Mayor Richard Hatcher, the great black hope of Gary, Indiana, has some strange buddies: the city's youth gang leaders. Or so says City Councilman Dozier T. Allen Jr., chairman of a committee investigating the gangs, who charges that gang leaders attended a meeting in Hatcher's home at which each person present was asked to pledge $100 for the Mayor's re-election campaign next year. Allen says the city had three street gangs when Hatcher was elected and now has twenty. The attack on Hatcher is hardly a honky plot: Allen's committee was set up at the urging of the NAACP, and just two weeks ago an NAACP youth leader who had charged Hatcher with being soft on gangs was severely beaten in a parking lot.

■ Governor Ronald Reagan's popularity continues to grow among California voters, not only because of his strong stand on campus disorders but also because he has proven himself an unusually effective administrator. The state was nearly bankrupt when Pat Brown bumbled off into the sunset. Under Reagan it runs in the black. The Democrats, dismayed at Reagan's performance, are unable to agree on a potential candidate to oppose him. Jesse Unruh, long Reagan's arch-enemy, has steadily lost popularity since Republicans captured control of the State Assembly. Joseph Alioto, Mayor of San Francisco, seems at present to be the front runner, although his downstate appeal is minimal. And Sam Yorty, as popular in the north as smog, is also making noises. As it stands, one of the three will be running against Reagan next year. The Governor is not losing any sleep over it.

■ Nice little kaffee-klatsch up Toronto way last week, when 250 of the gals (and a few of the guys) got together for a Voice of Women Peace and Friendship Conference. Among those present were Rennie Davis of the National Mobilization Committee, Mrs. Dr. Spock, Dorothy Hayes of the Communist-front Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Oh, and three ladies from Hanoi who wouldn't speak English (it's the language of the enemy) but said through an interpreter that yes, antiwar demonstrations in the U.S. "are very useful in the struggle and have great propaganda value." The Hanoi ladies asked that the demonstrations be kept up please and thank you, and also requested suggestions for slogans to be painted on North Vietnamese rooftops for American pilots to read. Among the contributions: "Don't Get Killed for the U.S. War Profiteers," "We Are Your Friends, Your Enemies Are in Washington" and "Black Brother, Join Us in Our Struggle." Mother Bloor poured.

■ Whatever else astronaut Frank Borman's visit to the Soviet Union accomplished, it managed to get a clear answer to the question whether Moscow wants close cooperation with the United States in space. All was warm and comradely on the surface, but the Kremlin would not permit Borman to visit the Soviet space center at Tyuratam. Soviet astronauts, officials and scientists have, of course, been invited time and again to Cape Kennedy —most lately to the Apollo 11 launching, which they refused. As it happens, a Cosmos series satellite was launched from Tyuratam while Borman was still in Moscow—a fact which served to make the Soviet negation unmistakable. Nor did his cordial Soviet space-comrades say a word to Borman about the scheduled launching of Luna 15.

■ According to recent reports in technical journals, the Japanese have developed a successful centrifuge for producing enriched plutonium, the principal material of H-bombs. A functioning prototype unit only two feet high was built by the Shibaura Electric Company for the Tokyo Institute of Technology, working with the official Power Reactor and Nuclear Fuel Development Corporation. There are also reports that China has a similar centrifuge in operation (cf. *NR*, July 15) and that a Dutch version is ready for rapid development as soon as an expected agreement among Britain, the Netherlands and West Germany is signed. If these reports are true, the era in which enriched plutonium will be widely available, relatively cheap, for bombs as for power reactors, is approaching rapidly. With that, it is hard to see the point of the non-proliferation treaty.

■ As the Thailand insurgency, backed by North Vietnam, begins to heat things up, the rhetorical preparations are underway for the 1971 Great Protest Movement Against the War in Thailand. "It's no great compliment to the U.S.," writes Drew Pearson, "to be officially allied with the government of Thailand because it is one of the most corrupt and dictatorial in Asia." And two days later a Wechslerian editorial in the *New York Post* found "baffling" President Nixon's references to "freedom" in Thailand, "an army-administered autocracy to which Washington has a far greater military than moral commitment."

■ The Rediscovery of Our African Heritage has hit a snag—African styles, it turns out, are much more popular in America than in Africa. The daishiki shirts so common here have never, ever been seen in Africa—except on Europeans and Americans. The super-short hair-

Teddy On TV

I wondered: would he call for faith
Or simply summon in the wreckers?
I half expected "Edward VIII"
But wound up contemplating "Checkers."

W. H. VON DREELE

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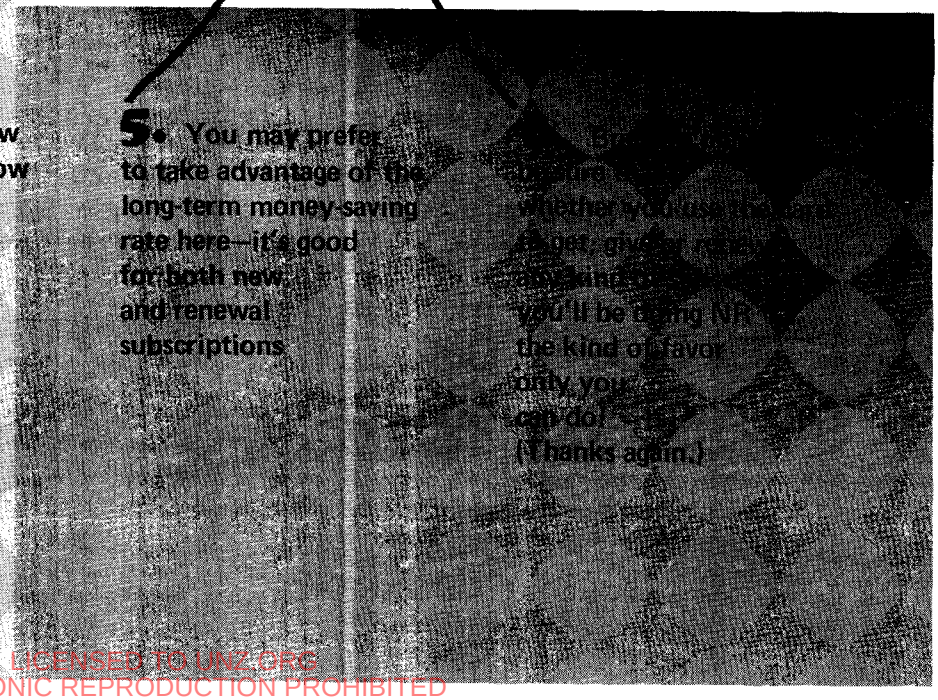

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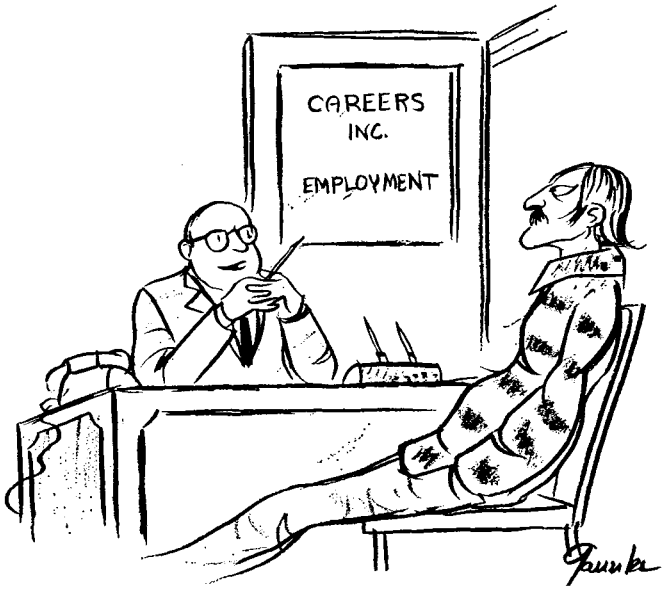
cut favored by many modern young Negro women in America is found only in southern Africa; in the west (which is where the ancestors of most American Negroes came from), the women either wear their hair long and plaited, or have wigs, preferably made of Oriental hair. Meanwhile, the miniskirt is doing just fine but only in Mozambique.

■ India, as Eleanor Roosevelt used to love to tell us, is a great moral force for peace on earth. It is also famous for its famines. A Hindu Priest decided to utilize both strengths, proposing to burn 9,000 tons of rice, barley, butter and sugar (mostly received under the U.S. foreign aid program) as a sacrifice to the gods to promote the cause of world peace. What with riots, sacred cows, and now crop sacrifices, even a Mrs. Roosevelt might begin to wonder.

■ GROWING CONSERVATIVE STRENGTH: "Eleven Soviet Conservatives in Sharp Attack on *Novy Mir*. . . The attack, one of the fiercest against *Novy Mir* in the long-standing dispute between liberals and conservatives here, appeared in the form of a long letter written by eleven writers, many of them well known for their conservative views, in the weekly magazine *Ogonyok*" (*New York Times*, July 27). "The logic of [Czech president Husak's] policy of ousting progressives from the party makes him daily more of a prisoner of the conservatives" (*Manchester Guardian*, July 24). Today Moscow, Prague: tomorrow the world!

■ The Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions —Ah! Mankind's Noblest Experiment in World Harmony, Peace and Order through Reason—has come unglued, because the fellows—Ah! those godlike, super-intellectual princes of the Church of Reason—couldn't get along with one another. Five squabbling senior fellows got the boot in a purge led by Robert Maynard Hutchins, who then set out to repopulate the Experiment as follows: he would select one fellow; then the two would select a third, the three a fourth and so on. In practice, Hutchins picked Harvey Wheeler, the two picked Rexford Guy Tugwell (remember him? He's the author of the U.S. Constitution), the three picked John Cogley, and so on with Harry S. Ashmore, John Wilkinson, Elisabeth Mann Borgese, whereupon concurrence ran out. Ejected were John R. Seeley, W. H. Ferry, Dr. William Gorman, Hallock Hoffman and Dr. James A. Pike (we can remember when everybody thought *he* was a simple agrarian reformer). Ping Ferry was so "desolate" about it that "for the first time in my life I spent a sleepless night." No decision has been reached concerning two other fellows, Stringfellow Barr and Linus Pauling, perhaps because Reason and Truth combined can hardly cope with that pair.



"Actually, there's nothing so demeaning about being a dish washer or a college president."

■ H. L. Mencken once pointed out that no one ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the American public. He'd no doubt be delighted to learn that *The Love Machine* just edged *Portnoy's Complaint* for the number 1 spot on the best seller list.

■ In a belated effort to bring its title into a closer relationship with reality, SNCC has dropped the adjective "Nonviolent." It's now the Student National Coordinating Committee, with H. Rap Brown as chairman. The organization, said one spokesman, will disavow the "concept of nonviolence as a solution to the problems of oppressed people." Meanwhile, over in Algiers, Stokely Carmichael, former SNCC chairman, was calling for a) the restoration of Kwame Nkrumah to power in Ghana, and b) armed struggle by Negroes in the U.S.

■ Consider the vexatious position of a poverty warrior. On the one hand, his job depends on poverty: lots and lots of surplus poverty. As a federal careerist, however, he is rated on his ability to pass out his quota of tax dollars or more. If our bureaucrat does not give away enough money, he may get fired. If he does succeed, he may eliminate poverty and with it his job, and have to work for a living. Of course, the process of taxing the productive on behalf of the unproductive has the effect of creating new poverty—that is, replenishing the supply that keeps bureaucrats employed, so long as they can find people to take federal money, which is not as easy as it sounds. Some people actually refuse the goodies. In St. Louis, to cite one sad example, the intended recipients of federal-city funds, in a save-the-neighborhood program, simply are not cooperating. As homeowners, they could receive up to $3,000 in grants or cheap loans for repairs, but so far more than half are refusing to let city inspectors in the front door for a look. "It's a terrific program," one official is quoted as saying in frustration. "What I can't understand is why they aren't beating

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down the door at City Hall to take part." In East Pershing Heights, a working class district where many of the eligible homes are located, the feeling is that theirs is a "good" neighborhood in no need of assistance—and all the stigmas of assistance, in the eyes of the richer districts footing the bill. The people don't want to be charity cases.

■ Where's Ayn Rand?

Massachusetts Soap Opera

Does it matter, on the issue of Senator Kennedy's future, what theory of what actually happened during those ten hours of July 18/19 you accept as your own? No one in the possession of his senses can believe either of the two (contradictory) accounts Senator Kennedy has given. There will doubtless be other accounts; possibly though not very probably the full truth will some day leak through. Nor do we imply any reference to legal questions; the law can take its course, Massachusetts willing. But it is not necessary to know what happened during the ten hours or to make legal distinctions. The conclusion that Edward M. Kennedy is psychologically and morally unfit to be President rests solidly on what all of us know he has said and not said, done and not done, since re-emerging, that Saturday morning, into the public domain.

Take him at his own evaluation. "I regard as indefensible the fact that I did not report the accident [not to speak of the death] to the police immediately." The adjective is exact: indefensible. "I was overcome by a jumble of emotions—grief, fear, doubt, torture, panic, confusion, exhaustion and shock." In other words, he failed to live up to a serious challenge.

But he didn't collapse so completely that he neglected his own self-interest. It was Mary Jo in the water, but this, forsooth, is one more "Kennedy tragedy." Kennedy! Nor has he hesitated even at pushing a big share of the rap off on his friends Joe Gargan and Paul Markham, who, he told the world in his TV speech, share responsibility for the failure to report the accident. Didn't they have the primary responsibility, in truth—rather than the man who is overcome by panic, exhaustion, to comply promptly with all the minutiae of the law? And the coverups and the concerted silences of the cottage dozen. And that taking-his-medicine business that just happened to mean that nobody would have to give any testimony under oath. Then, as climax, the demagogy of the TV performance.

It was good soap opera, certainly, a thoroughly professional use of the reigning queen of the media, and was successful soap opera at least for its immediate purpose in Massachusetts. The yeas rolled in.

The immediate reaction of the audience was predictable. That is not our present concern. Never mind what the spontaneous emotion-ridden response of the unguided masses is. What we want to know is the judgment rendered by the leaders and formers of opinion, who are usually so quick and voluble in their moral pronouncements about everything on earth from apartheid to space programs. The archaic medium of print has made a considerably better showing than the electronic medium. Coverage has been full, more than full, and has in many cases been reasonably objective concerning facts and non-facts. But the reportage has tended to get lost in the mass of detail, and the commentaries have mostly swung this way and that and drowned clear judgment in a flood of portentous rhetoric.

Right now it is not Edward Kennedy who is being tested. He *has* been tested, and he failed the test. It is the nation's public leaders, now, whom the realities of this affair are testing. How many of them have the courage to tell it the way it is, the way every one of them knows it is—to declare simply and flatly: Edward M. Kennedy is, on this showing, not fit to contend for the Presidency of the United States.

On the Passing of Princes

"Camelot is on the moon."—Eric Sevareid

I have not been among the masses who
Applauded any Kennedy in view.
When Jackie spoke, instead of going ape,
I usually looked for an escape.
And so, again, as morbid millions stare,
I'd like to comment briefly on the heir.
Unlike Prince Charlie, bested at the Borne,
He doesn't have the luxury of scorn.
No French asylum comforts him off-stage;
Yet, like the Stuart, he's outlived the age.
Now will the mass hysteria subside,
Deflated by a midnight auto ride.
Indifferent, the people fail to swoon:
Their Camelot is moving to the moon.

W. H. VON DREELE

Problems or Difficulties?

With depressing regularity, comment on the feats of Apollo 11 has stressed two themes: a) that since we succeeded in this stupendous venture, surely now we can succeed in abolishing poverty, hunger, racism, injustice and war; and b) that we should now spend our money on earthly problems rather than on space technology. Both themes reflect fallacious assumptions, and are, in fact, remarkably old-fashioned.

The fact that the first theme is articulated so often, and as a matter of course, demonstrates the pervasiveness of what Michael Oakeshott calls the "rationalist" fallacy. Faith in moral and social progress, surely the

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dominating faith of the modern era, was born out of a false analogy: between the cumulative, progressive development of science and technology and man's civilizational development. History generally, so it has been felt, may be expected to show the same sort of progress as the sciences.

The rationalist, of course, is constantly chagrined by the "lag" he discerns between man's control over nature and his ability to manage his social and political affairs. But the "lag," he thinks, is due to atavistic factors, and, once these are overcome, our palpable imperfections will prove evanescent. The fact that the rationalist speaks so naturally of "social problems" is itself deeply significant, for the phrase embodies a sort of concealed analogy. The word "problem" (as in mathematics) implies the existence of a "solution." But the analogy is a misleading one. In his book *The Vocabulary of Politics,* the British philosopher T. D. Weldon makes a useful distinction between "problems" and "difficulties." Problems do have a solution; but "difficulties," says Weldon, "are quite another matter. We do not solve them . . . we surmount them, avoid them, reduce them or ignore them. There may be all sorts of ways of dealing with them and getting out of them, but there is no demonstrably correct way. . . . The vicar may advise his parishioners as to their matrimonial difficulties, but he cannot do their difficulties for them as he can do their crossword puzzles." To use Weldon's terminology, some human difficulties can in fact be broken down entirely or in part into problems, and these problems solved: rapid urban transit, as Tokyo demonstrates, may be an example. But others are intractable, do not seem separable into solvable components. Racial prejudice and war are properly "difficulties," and very little in human history suggests that they are going to evanesce.

But though the relationship between scientific progress and social history is not, contrary to the progressive assumption, an analogical one, scientific developments assuredly can be used effectively in dealing with social difficulties. When Senators Kennedy and Mansfield and the Rev. Ralph Abernathy grouse about the money "diverted" into the space program, they reveal an appalling ignorance and confusion. The technological "spin-off" from the space program has immediate social application.

Aerospace firms have developed highly effective methods of training people to perform complex tasks in relatively short periods. They are now beginning to apply these techniques all across the educational spectrum, from pre-school programs, to training the hard-core unemployed, to the development of the most sophisticated skills. Cheaper and more effective medical care is already in view as a result of the space program. Miniature, self-transmitting devices have been developed which provide doctors with information not available to them before. The same techniques now make possible automated hospital systems that enable a nurse to care for 25 patients. The medical spin-off has been so impressive that NASA now has special teams briefing research institutes and universities on the possibilities.

We hear a great deal about pollution of the environment; but space reasearch on the disposal of waste has produced new techniques that are applicable to earth. A new filter technology is developing. Waste is separated into its reusable elements and the residue is disposed of without reliance on the sort of sewer systems that now cause so much pollution in the urban environment. And these are just a sample of the new possibilities, all of them so generally ignored by men whose only concern for the aerospace industry is to denounce it as a money-squandering component of the military-industrial complex.

It's time our liberals entered the twentieth century.

No Gold in Them Thar Tills

On July 28 the International Monetary Fund announced agreement by the required number of the member governments—including all the major Western nations—to creation of the long-heralded Special Drawing Rights (SDRs). Three and a half billion dollars worth of SDRs will be issued in 1970 and $3 billion worth in each of the two following years. The amount and the rate of issuance are a compromise between the U.S. Treasury (which wanted more sooner) and France plus several other of the West European nations (which would have preferred none at all).

Compared to bright gold sovereigns or our grandfathers' beautiful double-eagles, SDRs will not be glamorous. You won't be able to jingle them in your pocket; in fact, the ordinary citizen will never have anything to do with them. SDRs will be a rare form of money indeed, to be used solely in the process of settling accounts among central banks. They will be in effect—the inventors of SDRs believe—"paper gold," and will contribute as such to maintaining the monetary liquidity necessary for ever-expanding international trade.

Viewed in a long perspective, SDRs appear as a late stage in the process that began in the trading nations of the ancient world, was suspended during the economic slowdown of the Dark and early Middle Ages, and has gone ever more rapidly forward since the fourteenth century: the process of transforming money from a set of material objects into a pure abstraction. Gold—real, honest to goodness gold—has been a last thin link of money to matter; in all but a handful of nations even gold has for some while been severed from domestic money and has had a more and more restrictive, indirect relation with international monetary transactions. The two-tier gold pricing system (which takes central bank gold holdings out of the market) and now the SDRs, move close to the final act of cutting international as well as domestic money altogether loose from the last remaining physical base.

No one is quite sure what will happen to the SDRs

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once they come into being. The central bankers and their economic advisers are guilty, perhaps, of a measure of hubris. It is reasonable to predict that, no matter how many abstractions they pull out of their vaults, they are not likely to solve all the problems and crises that periodically trouble the world's monetary affairs. Abstractions may be controllable, but men aren't.

Toward Law and Order

The Nixon Administration has startled even some of its supporters in its forthright efforts to strengthen law enforcement. Among the bolder of the Justice Department's plans:

—Instructions to its lawyers to submit confessions as evidence in court, even though they do not meet the inflexible standards of the controversial 1966 *Miranda* decision. In hoping that the new Burger Court will uphold the 1968 Crime Control Act, the Department is banking on the new Court's reversing of *Miranda* (5-4) and evaluating confessions not by referring to a rigid formula, but by judging, on the facts, whether a particular confession was given voluntarily.

—A proposal permitting officials to use wiretapping in a wide variety of cases without the usual judicial supervision required, for instance, for a search warrant.

—Provisions permitting police with a search warrant to seize whatever contraband they can find, whether or not it is specified in the warrant, and one permitting police "no-knock" authority to enter a person's home without first announcing their purpose and authority.

—Stricter penalties for repeaters and narcotics violators.

—A provision which would legislate reversal of a recent D.C. Appellate decision restricting the circumstances under which a witness' criminal record can be used to impeach his testimony.

—Lastly, and perhaps most controversial, an amendment to the Bail Reform Act which would permit a judge to order "pretrial detention" of persons accused of "dangerous crimes," for up to sixty days without bail. This proposal attempts to limit crimes committed between the time bail is granted and the trial. This would help especially in narcotics cases, in which the habit may cost the accused from $15 to $100 a day—thereby requiring him to continue mugging or stealing or whatever. The statistic used by the proposal's opponents is that only 4.5 per cent of those on bail are arrested for crimes of violence. Supporters say the statistic is phony, since the arrest rate is far below the crime rate.

The Department's tough new proposals are bound to meet considerable resistance in Congress—some of it from congressmen associated with law enforcement who think that the new proposals go too far. The fight against pre-trial detention is to be led in the Senate by strict constructionist Senator Sam Ervin, who in the past has led congressional battles against the constitutionality of various civil rights bills.

"Well then, let's go to Rumania with him—and pretend they're cheering us!"

And Now James Forman

One thing is now clear. Nothing a black militant does, no matter how outrageous, and nothing he says, no matter how stupid or how fantastic, will destroy his moral credit with white liberals. Absolutely anything goes. In *The Fire Next Time* James Baldwin got off things like "the real architect of the Christian Church was not the disreputable, sunbaked Hebrew who gave it his name but the mercilessly fanatical and self-righteous St. Paul," and "the fact of the Third Reich alone makes obsolete forever any question of Christian superiority," etc., etc. He was praised for his "passion" and his "eloquence." His historical, logical, and verbal solecisms cost him nothing. Eldridge Cleaver justifies rape on ideological grounds—yet retains his credibility as a black spokesman and is even asked to lecture at Berkeley.

The latest exhibit is James Forman: boorishly disrupting services at New York's Riverside Church, issuing demands that the churches cough up $500 million (later casually raised to $3 billion: why not $3 trillion?—you just add a few zeroes) in so-called "reparations" to the blacks (to be paid, of course, to Forman's own organization, the National Black Economic Development Conference). "Reparations": the unfortunate parishioners at Riverside were asked to understand that they share in the guilt of long-dead Southern slave owners and should expiate this guilt by paying up.

Forman's public statements are intellectually pathetic: "People must be educated to understand that any black man or Negro who is advocating a perpetuation of capitalism inside the United States is, in fact, seeking not only his ultimate destruction and death but is contributing to the continuous exploitation of black people all around the world. . . . And Christianity [is] one of the greatest techniques of control in keeping people in line and obedient to the power structure in the United States and around

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On Disengagement

Understandably, the American people continue to rely on former cabinet members, like myself, to furnish advice and counsel to President Nixon in these troubled times.

Yet there are limits to the amount of suggestion, recommendation, admonition, exhortation, warning, guidance and direction that even the most voluble outside expert can provide a Chief Executive who persists in the narrow view that he is somehow specially authorized to formulate U.S. Government policies and programs for whose execution he is responsible. . . .

As a result, I several months ago undertook a task force study to determine what course of action is open to erstwhile Johnson Administration officials, confronted as we are with an odd reluctance on the part of the Nixon Administration either to heed our words or, at the very least, to concede that it is quite improbable, if not impossible, that the United States Government can continue to operate without our counsel. . . .

Thus, it was only after long days and nights of agonizing, prayerful contemplation that my task force arrived at the following conclusions:

First, it is clear that the need to devote more of our minds and means to our own pressing domestic problems, i.e. locating publishers for memoirs, dedicating shrines, learning to drive to work without a chauffeur, etc., requires that former members of the Johnson Administration set a limit to their involvement in the conduct of U.S. Government affairs.

Toward this end, we should immediately inform the President and members of his Administration that, under the circumstances, we intend to withdraw no fewer than 100,000 words of unsolicited advice (excluding, of course, the ceremonial bi-weekly recommendation that J. Edgar Hoover be fired and/or resign), at or before the end of calendar year 1969.

Secondly, concurrent with this decision to disengage and let the Nixon Administration stew in its own consensus, orders should be issued to our party leaders in Congress to discontinue efforts to assist the President by means of interviews, press conferences, news leaks and articles in such influential organs of opinion as the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Foreign Affairs Quarterly* and *Playboy* Magazine. . . .

Finally, we must make it clear that these are not isolated withdrawals, but in fact only the beginning of a process by which all expert counsel coming from those associated with the preceding Administration will be completely cut off 1) upon publication of memoirs of a majority of the members of the Johnson cabinet, or, 2) at the latest, some time before the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November 1972.

To be sure, upon such total withdrawal of outside counsel, the incumbent Administration will face the grim prospect of developing U.S. Government policies and programs on its own. But in view of intemperate recent statements by the President and other members of his Administration with regard to the meaning of the recent national elections and subsequent ceremonies on the Capitol south portico, it cannot be presumed that we are in any way under moral or legal obligation to refrain from such disengagement.

(Journal Editor's Note: Shown an advance text of the above excerpts, Mr. Nixon is said to have remarked that, with any luck, the proposed 100,000-word withdrawal could be accomplished before year's end. However, other White House sources later emphasized that this projection "merely expressed the President's hope, not his expectation.")

VICTOR GOLD

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the world. . . . The richest man in the world, King James, wrote the Bible, and he probably wrote in the phrase about it being easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to get to Heaven—it's a perfect rationale to keep people poor."

But is Forman scorned? laughed out of court? told that he is acting and thinking like a yahoo? advised to become literate? No. The former Jewish Chaplain at Columbia, A. Bruce Goldman, advises us to heed "Forman's message" and regrets that "I was not present to share with him his moment of moral conscience and truth." But First Prize for Fatuity goes to Riverside Church's own minister, the Reverend Ernest T. Campbell, who advised his congregation that "Rather than begrudge reparations, I should think that we would rejoice that our sin, in part, is reparationable."

With sheep so willing to be shorn, James Forman is obviously on to the best thing going since Barnum.

California Points the Way

Governor Ronald Reagan has long argued that students at California's state colleges and at U Cal should pay tuition. As the college population inexorably expands, the cost to the taxpayers of free higher education becomes prohibitive—and why, asks Reagan, shouldn't the primary beneficiary of higher education, i.e. the student, pay for it if he is able to do so?

The argument now looks to be about over, with the passage by the California Assembly of a bill which requires students to pay for the cost of their education either when they are getting it or on a deferred basis. Those students choosing not to pay while in college are to sign notes requiring them to begin repayment when their income reaches $10,000 annually. The plan must be approved by the State Senate, where its chances are

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excellent, and by the Regents; Governor Reagan has said that he enthusiastically supports the idea.

The California plan points the way for American higher education. Through such a system of long-term loans the burden on the taxpayers would be relieved; it gets rid of an injustice to those who *don't* go to college; government would administer the loans, but otherwise its role in supporting higher education would be drastically reduced, to the benefit of all concerned; the private colleges, which now must offer large numbers of scholarships in order to compete with subsidized public institutions, would find their situation much improved; and finally the students, aware that they were paying for their classes, would sober up.

Everyman His Own Missile-Master

A chap we know up at MIT dropped in the other day and asked if we would like to buy a Titan IIC missile. (Titans, you will remember, are the big intercontinental jobs, several score of which are ready to go from here and there.) We were surprised to learn they were on the market, and asked the price. "Dirt cheap," he told us. "I picked this one up in a junk yard near Boston for a hundred and fifty bucks. There were two others but they're so big I don't think I could arrange to move more than one. The metal finishing—mostly titanium and stainless steel—is fabulous. A yard nearby had several guidance systems and a pile of entry shields. With a few more easy-to-come-by gadgets and a small technical team there'd be no trouble getting one of these birds into working order."

He wasn't kidding, either, and he's a man who knows about missiles and such things. It puts one to thinking. Very careless of the Air Force's security chiefs to forget about junk yards. How simple for almost any little country with a few bright-eyed citizens to pick up the parts for a missile or two, and some fissionable material for a warhead is not all that hard to get hold of. It all seemed to give more point to a capability of the Safeguard ABM system that hasn't been much discussed in the current debate: to bring down one or two missiles launched by a hopped-up small nation that wanted to try a bit of nuclear blackmail.

Three Cheers for Prouty

Winston Prouty just forsook
Goodell, Mansfield, Scott and Brooke.
Oh, the look on Javits' face!
Fulbright calls it a disgrace.
Case, of course, is goggle-eyed;
Percy frets about his pride.
Tower, naturally, beams.
(Barry smiles about "extremes.")
Now that we've disposed of *them*,
Let's install the ABM.

W. H. von Dreele

Notes & Asides

■ To those who kindly put together conservative reading matter to send to Barney Young, an inmate at San Quentin Prison in California (*NR*, June 17, 1969): thanks. Apparently the warden has returned all such material, without explanation. We shall write to said warden and ask him to be kind enough to explain wherein it is damaging to an inmate to learn the principles of government which put the governor in Sacramento: and will publish his answer.

■ Mr. John Braine (*Room at the Top*) sends along a clipping from an English paper. It reads:

SIOUX AMNESTY

Pine Ridge, South Dakota.—Fifty-one Indian prisoners have been released from the Pine Ridge jail by Chief Judge Hobart Keith to commemorate what he called the "Siouxs' finest hour—the Battle of the Little Big Horn—Custer's last stand."

Mr. Braine comments: "I thought the attached would amuse you. Aren't liberals wonderful? Next you may expect an amnesty for all prisoners of Japanese descent because of Japan's finest hour at Pearl Harbor. Actually, it would have been the Siouxs' finest hour if instead of Custer it had been, say, Phil Sheridan they'd defeated. But then if it had been Sheridan, he'd have made mincemeat of them, and the liberals would have renamed the battle Sheridan's Massacre and it would have been one of the atrocities We Are All Responsible For, like Hiroshima or Dachau or the rising crime rate. You can't win. Sincerely."

■"Gentlemen: Who is the 'man with the glass arm?' I am referring to the person who reversed the position of the Trans-O-Gram from bottom to top of the page. Since my arm is not transparent, I have great difficulty trying to copy the definitions on to the puzzle. Mary Brock, Elkins Park, Pennsylvania."

Pace. We are flipping it back in ths issue.

■ Viva Sanchez!

The following is a letter from a Mexican-American, Mr. Richard V. Sanchez of 523 Fulton Avenue, San Antonio, Texas, who is the President of MAMA (Mexican-American Minority Against [silly goals for Mexican-

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Americans]), mentioned in this space a while ago. It is eloquent and salty and very much to the point.

"MAMA (Mexican-American Minority Against) was created ad hoc to help put in proper perspective the harm done Mexican-Americans by persons or groups assuming extreme positions—often absurd and inconsistent—which in the end are regressive, abrasive, and boring, futile in fact and fancy, and not in the least representing the attitudes or opinions of most Americans of Mexican origin.

"The MAMA program which you want a look at is not yet fully developed but if you want a peek at a piece of the MAMA Manifesto around which the program revolves, here it is in the form of demands made to certain militant groups that they 1) cool it in the Clenched Fist Dept. Making all over South Texas like a cadre of cut-rate Commies helps Hispanics not one bit. 2) Can the Spanish Land Grant bit. Mexico is not going to give the land back to the Spaniards, land grants or not, and neither is the U.S.A. We're not going to give any of the U.S.A. back to the French, Russians or Kickapoos, either. 3) Don't get so hung up on heritage and Spanish that you don't learn English. Flawless flamenco is fine for guitars but won't make it with IBM. That goes for Zapata mustaches and hair so long it curls close to the coccyx. 4) Chuck the Chicano business of creating a 'Chicano' class—different, didactic and apart from everybody. You don't have to give up beans, tacos and tortillas to join the American mainstream, not any more than Joe DiMaggio had to give up spaghetti. You can even send out a señorita once in a while with a rose clenched in her teeth. Lee Trevino didn't denounce his ethnic urges and made it big. Likewise Vicki Carr and many others. 5) Quit cutting down the capitalist class in this country. That's the hen that lays the golden eggs. It takes eggs and chili to cook up Huevos Rancheros. Kill the hen and all you've got is pure chili. 6) Get off the Frito Bandito's back. The frito-filcher is Italian, anyhow. Your real enemies are lachrymal, cornpone 'liberals' like Senator Ralph Yarborough (D., Texas) who bares his bicuspids around election time, smiling stuffs his 'Mexican friends' tick-tight with free tamales and gets them so full of free beer that they slosh when they walk on their way to the polls to pull one lever for all Democrats, good, bad or worse. Betwixt times, if your name is Pedro and want a job on 'El Sonriente's' staff, forget it.

"MAMA's program, Mr. Buckley, revolves around the MAMA manifesto. It's not exactly what you've asked for, we know, but one of the immediate departures from MAMA's original intent will be a MAMA protest against an educational system which apparently is not teaching young Americans, in their early and most formative years, the simple basics of American economics and survival and that love of country is simply an extension of love of home and family; that Freedom as conceived by the founding fathers was not designed to be used to deny Freedom to others—or taken within our walls like a Trojan horse filled with soldiers who listen to the bugles of an alien hate.—Richard V. Sanchez."

■ We have a letter from a reverend Anglican in Pennsylvania with instructions not to divulge his name. He encloses a document—a pastoral letter from the bishop—than which we have never seen anything other, ever. Not even Wyndham Lewis, gathering material for his famous short story in *Rotting Hill*, would have believed it. The covering letter from our correspondent reads: "I enclose for your edification the advice which the clergy of the Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania (which is kind of the Albania of Anglicanism) have received: 'What To Do If James Forman Busts Up *Your* Service.' Apart from its deep theological insights, it might give you material for Notes and Asides. I only ask that I remain anonymous: my bishop is already considering me as a potential missionary to the Mau Mau."

Excerpts from the bishop's letter as told through his Grace's office of public relations:

"Several suggestions towards creative response are as follows:

"With respect to any probable demonstrations and in-church confrontation . . . with respect to the issues raised in the Black Manifesto, occurring in a church of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, Bishop DeWitt counsels *do not call in the police*, unless there is an absolutely clear and present danger to life or limb, a circumstance extremely unlikely to occur. Such an action would be a scandal in the most fundamental biblical sense and the antithesis of creative response.

"1. The dynamics of confrontation being somewhat unpredictable it is possible that incidents would occur which, under other circumstances, might seem to warrant police involvement. Such might include the unauthorized removal of property. It is important to resist the temptation of ordinary response, understand the need demonstrators feel to dramatize their demands, and react creatively. For example, a creative response to, let's say, the unauthorized removal of property might be either or both: assisting in the removal or adding a second one of the item removed (cf. Matt. 5:40-42).

"2. Some concern has been expressed about the rhetoric some of Mr. Forman's associates have employed in describing things they might do. For example, great offense has been taken at a recent statement that they might spit in the wine to turn it back into water for the thirsty and take and distribute the bread to the hungry children of the poor. Actually, in the light of the gospel witness, the theological magnitude of this statement is profound. . .

"3. It would contribute much to dialogue within the congregation if it were possible for members to role-play a confrontation . . .

"4. After the confrontation and possible dialogue, invite the demonstrators to join in the remainder of the service as participants. If communion is involved, the rule of charity obtains; for the Holy Spirit is a mighty Power, well able to take care of himself, and he will certainly be at work wherever such a happy conclusion is possible [even if He was out to lunch at Bishop DeWitt's ordination]." **—W.F.B.**

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JAMES BURNHAM

THEIR MORALS AND OURS

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

The New Leftists base their theoretical case on a moral argument. Established society is, in *all* its dimensions, *incurably* evil, corrupt, vicious. A moral person must therefore break utterly with established society, with its beliefs, standards and values as well as its institutions; he must become an *alien*. Reform is impossible. Established society must be destroyed. A new social order with new beliefs and values, spiritual home of a new kind of man, must be created in its place.

What will this new kind of man be like? What qualities, values, virtues will he display? The general trend of the answer emerges clearly in New Left writings, rhetoric and discussion. The well-known "Port Huron Statement," adopted by Students for a Democratic Society in 1962, is a representative version. "Men," it declares, "have unrealized potential for self-cultivation, self-direction, self-understanding, and creativity. It is this potential that we regard as crucial and to which we appeal. . . . The goal of man should be human independence; a concern . . . with finding a meaning in life that is personally authentic. . . . *Human relationships* should involve fraternity and honesty. . . . [The negative tendencies of today can be overcome] only when a love of man overcomes the idolatrous worship of things by man. . . . We believe in generosity of a kind that imprints one's unique qualities in the relation to other men, and to all human activity."

Between Idea and Act

It may be argued that it is silly to pay attention to New Left declarations of morality, that their destructive conduct, their obscenities, etc. express the truth about their movement which the moral talk only phonies up. The argument is persuasive, especially as it applies to the revolutionary hard core of the New Left on the one side and the slob hangers-on on the other. I want, nevertheless, to take the moral stand at face value and confront it directly. I judge, moreover, from talking to them, that many New Left students and dropouts are personally sincere in their moral outlook.

This New Left moral picture is rather appealing on a casual glance; it leads many otherwise critical observers to the judgment that in spite of their misbehavior the New Leftists are "idealistic." Actually the New Left morality belongs to the familiar subjective, Romantic, Rousseau-cum-anarchist tradition that overlaps, as Will Herberg has pointed out, the "Adamite" religious tendency.

On more careful examination one notes significant omissions from the New Left catalog of virtues. There is much stress on self-expression but nothing about self-discipline. Never a word about the cluster of virtues that includes courage, loyalty, honor, manliness, endurance and a sense of fair play. Temperance is absent, along with dignity and modesty. It goes without saying that there is no mention of piety either in its religious or its broader sense.

All these omitted items belong to the idea of the good man—the man of virtue or excellence—transmitted by the great tradition of the West. Now as it happens, many of the qualities dropped by the New Left are peculiarly characteristic of the astronauts, not merely of this or that astronaut but of the astronaut tribe; courage obviously, self-discipline and endurance in extraordinary degree, loyalty, even—surprising as it is in our day—piety. Thus two of the most conspicuous sub-species evolved in this period—the New Left revolutionaries and the astronauts—exhibit a striking polarity as moral types. It is almost as if, on the verge of the Space Age, history wants to show us in a starkly simplified diagram the alternative roads ahead.

The danger in the direction signaled by the astronautical type is well known: of development into a society regimented by computer, in which the individual, deprived of private life, would be reduced to an element in the computer circuits. Undoubtedly the moral affirmations of the sincere New Leftists are in part at least a reaction against this danger. But the reaction has swung all the way to the reactionary, so that the New Left, initiated as the vanguard of the progressive vanguard, turns into its Luddite opposite. Whether we like it or not, the Space Age *is* going to be computerized. Human beings are going to have to achieve what they can of self-development, creativity and love within the computerized framework. The New Left movement becomes in practice purely destructive or parasitical or both.

This is invariably the case with movements resting on the subjective, Adamite sort of philosophic ideal. The ideal cannot furnish the moral foundation for constructing, sustaining or defending any society, or even a movement of any size within a society. That is why the New Left activists abandon their ideal in action; it becomes merely a mask for their revolutionary nihilism, and perhaps for self-deception.

Our Flower Teachers

The ideal gets exemplified not in the militant deeds of the activists but in the passive parasitism of "the good hippies." And because the good hippies, or the best of them, do live in accord with this ideal of self-development (doing one's thing) and love, they can be gentle and charming and picturesque in ways inaccessible to computer people. They remind us of our lost Paradise; and it is fascinating to see that, while we repulse and reject the way of the New Left activists, many traces of the hippie style —in colors, dress, music, talk, methods of relaxing—rub off on the rest of us, soften and brighten our square world. Fortunately the computerized society can afford to indulge a certain percentage of parasites even if it must deal sternly with saboteurs. □

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Follow the Warren Years:
A trail of abuses and usurpations. A littered road of fallen landmarks and abandoned precedents. As if gypsies had passed through leaving a bad picnic behind

A Very Different Constitution

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

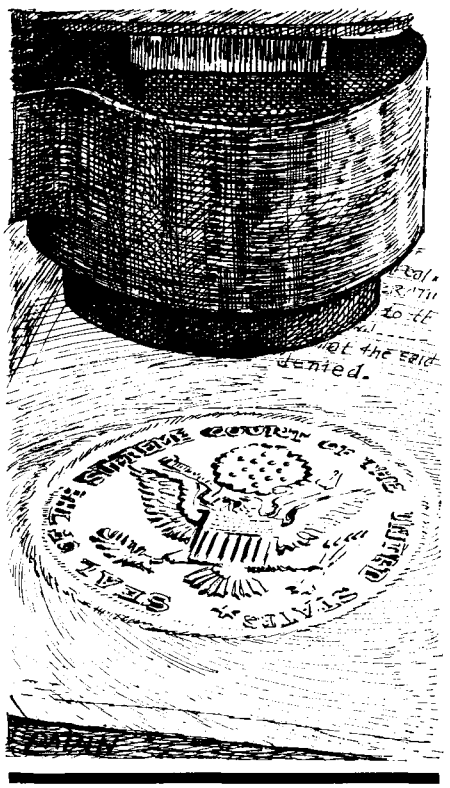
PERHAPS the most famous observation in judicial history, dealing with the Supreme Court's role in shaping our fundamental law, came from John Marshall in *M'Culloch* v. *Maryland*. When it comes to defining the powers of state and federal governments, said the venerable Virginian, "we must never forget that it is a constitution we are expounding."

And perhaps the second most famous observation came almost ninety years later from Charles Evans Hughes in a speech at Elmira, N.Y. "We are under a Constitution," said the famed New Yorker, "but the Constitution is what the judges say it is."

Hughes was not then on the Court; he was speaking off-the-cuff, and it is doubtless unfair, as his anguished biographer insists, to wrench his aphorism out of context and to draw cynical inferences that Hughes never intended. All the same, the blind sow stumbles over an acorn; at Elmira, Hughes tripped over a monumental truth. Our Constitution is indeed what the judges say it is. It is more than that, of course, but it is at least that. And during the Warren years—the sixteen years from 1953 to 1969, identified with the Chief Justiceship of Earl Warren—the Constitution was pre-eminently that: An instrument pounded, shaped and refashioned by the hands and minds of the Chief and his activist bloc.

Consider. When the Warren years began, the power of the states to operate racially separate schools, so long as the schools were substantially equal, was "well settled" as a matter of law. The question had been "many times decided," and the decisions had formed a gloss on the Fourteenth Amendment.

It was equally clear that nothing in the Fourteenth Amendment prohibited the states from fixing their own boundaries for legislative districts. Questions



of apportionment were not justiciable; these were political questions beyond the reach of judges.

When the Warren years began, there was little doubt that "obscenity" could be reasonably well-defined, and punished, under both state and federal law. The right of public schools to conduct voluntary religious observances, such as class prayers and baccalaureate sermons, was not challenged. The admissibility of certain evidence in criminal proceedings, even if police had obtained it unlawfully, was widely sanctioned. Evidence obtained through electronic detecting devices also was acceptable, provided the device had not actually penetrated an area protected under the Fourth Amendment. The right to have the assistance of counsel, the right to avoid self-incrimination, and the right to be free from unreasonable searches and seizure were strictly construed. Only a small part of the Bill of Rights had been bodily "incorporated" into the prohibitions imposed upon the states by the Fourteenth.

That was how Earl Warren found the Constitution when he came on the bench. It was a very different Constitution when he left. During his span of years, the states ratified three amendments—one affecting the District of Columbia, one prohibiting the poll tax, the third providing for Presidential succession. The really important amendments, in effect, were the work of the Warren Court.

In one sense, there was nothing new in this. The abiding truth of the Hughes remark is that the Constitution *always* has been what the judges have said it is. The Court always has been first among equals. This may not have been precisely intended by the framers of 1787; Hamilton, spreading his salesman's appeal in *The Federalist*, Number 78, thought it incontestable that "the judiciary is beyond comparison the weakest of the three departments of power." Montesquieu saw the American judiciary as "next to nothing." But John Marshall had been in office only a short time, just long enough to enrage Jefferson in *Marbury* v. *Madison*, before Jefferson was fuming that the Court was composed of miners and sappers, subverting the very foundations of government. The Constitution, he complained, had become a thing of wax. At every point in its history, the Court has drawn the same criticism from those it has offended.

The indictment that is drawn against the Warren Court thus is not different in kind; it is different only in degree, but the degree is significant. The record of the Warren years is a record of judicial activism without parallel in the

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Court's long history. It is a trail of abuses, usurpations and invasions of power. One pursues the departed Chief along a littered road of fallen landmarks and abandoned precedents. Here every principle of jurisprudence lies discarded. It is as if gypsies had passed through, leaving a bad picnic behind.

I am myself a Southerner, and I am, as all men are, to some extent a prisoner of place and birth. If I spoke only with a Southern accent, damning the desegregation decisions from the bottom of a julep cup, so blunt an appraisal of the Court might easily be discounted. This is not the case. The same harsh judgment of the Warren years comes from every corner of the bench and bar; it runs through countless law reviews; it comes most damningly from within the Court itself. To be sure, Warren had his ardent defenders also, and if one is indifferent to the means employed to reach an end, it is possible to admire many of the new landmarks erected. In *Griswold* v. *Connecticut*, for one example, the Court reached a clearly desirable end: It dumped Connecticut's ridiculous law on the sale and use of contraceptives. But the Court, stomping through penumbras of the law, attained this end by trampling upon the power of a state, if it chooses, to enact ridiculous laws.

Code of Self-Restraint

The one great, abiding principle of Supreme Court jurisdiction was summed up years ago by Harlan Stone. "The only check upon our exercise of power," he said, "is our own sense of self-restraint." Stone was right. As a working, practical matter, day in and day out, the Court's unwritten rules of self-restraint provide the only effective rein upon life-tenured judges who hold a virtually final power to say what the Constitution *is*. These rules ought to be rigidly observed. And the first and greatest count in an indictment of the Warren years is that under Warren, the rules were wantonly disdained.

This code of self-restraint has developed a kind of case law all its own. Part of it is personal; part is procedural; and part, if you please, depends upon the respect that is paid to myth.

The myth is that ours is a government not of men, but of law; and the myth says that the men who serve on the Court are not exactly men of flesh and blood. They are disembodied beings, speaking as surrogates for some brooding omnipresence in the sky. This is to say that members of the Court do not *make* law; they simply *discover* law. They ascertain the "manifest tenor of the Constitution," as Hamilton put it, and when that tenor has become sufficiently manifest they lay the pending case beside the exposed intention. Their function, in this mythical view, is largely ministerial; they are as faceless as the translators of Latin ponies. "We have nothing to do but to expound the law as we find it," said Justice Story. "The defects of the system must be remedied by another department of the government."

Story's defense is the defense that always is involved when judges are charged with crimes against jurisprudence. It is the defense of who, me, boss? Nobody here but us chickens. Hugo Black was asked in a television interview some months ago if the Warren Court hadn't made the task of police officers more difficult by its decisions in criminal law. If that had been the effect, said Black, rolling his innocent eyes to heaven, it wasn't the judges who had caused it. It was the Constitution that demanded those decisions. If you don't like the decisions, he was suggesting, blame the Constitution. But don't blame the judges.

This seance theory, which treats Supreme Court Justices as table-knocking mediums, speaking in a trance through the spirits of founding fathers, is a theory of convenience. It is hokum. Constitutionality is like beauty; it lies in the beholder's eye; and when the beholder sits in one of those nine great swivel chairs, the eye sees what it wants to see. The Constitution, going back to Hughes, is what the judges say it is.

Nevertheless, the code of self-restraint holds firmly that in questions of constitutional adjudication, members of the Court must never yield to personal convictions. As Black has said, this is "the essence of judicial duty." It is the one rule that towers above all others. Its violation has been often charged. Jefferson brought the charge against John Marshall: "His twistifications in the case of Marbury, in that of Burr, and the Yazoo case show how dexterously he reconciles law to his personal biases." In the very year that Warren came on the Court, Justice Jackson soberly remarked the criticism of that day: "Rightly or wrongly," he said, "the belief is widely held by the practicing profession that this Court no longer respects impersonal rules of law, but is guided in these matters by personal impressions which from time to time may be shared by a majority of justices."

The charge against Earl Warren is that he did nothing to overcome this widespread belief. On the contrary, he presided over a Court in which the subjective views of the judges figured constantly and critically in the disposition of the cases before them. Warren's first landmark opinion, in *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, was a portent of things to come. It was short on law, but long on compassion. His first premise appeared to be that segregation is morally wrong; therefore, he concluded, it must be unconstitutional. Repeatedly in the years that followed *Brown*, the Warren bloc found other wrongs that shocked its conscience and had to be set right; but as Justice Black kept insisting, that which shocks the conscience does not necessarily offend the Constitution.

'Judicial Usurpation'

In one of the last cases to be decided under Warren's regime, the Court, speaking through Justice Douglas, overturned a garnishment law in Wisconsin as a violation of "fundamental principles of due process." Justice Black filed a stinging dissent.

"Of course," said Black, repeating views he had expressed a hundred times before, "the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment contains no words that indicate that this Court has power to play so fast and loose with state laws. The arguments the Court makes to reach what I consider to be an unconstitutional conclusion, however, show why it strikes down this state law. It is because it considers a garnishment law of this kind to be bad state policy, a judgment I think the state legislature, not this Court, has power to make. The Court shows it believes the garnishment policy to be a 'most inhumane doctrine'; that it 'compels the wage earner, trying to keep his family together, to be driven below the poverty level'; that 'in a vast number of cases the debt is a fraudulent one, saddled on a poor, ignorant person who is trapped in an easy credit nightmare in which he is charged double for something he could not pay for, even if the proper price was called for, and then hounded into giving up his pound of flesh, and being fired besides.'

"The foregoing emotional rhetoric might be very appropriate for congressmen to make against some phases of garnishment laws. Indeed, the quoted

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statements were made by congressmen during a debate over a proposed federal garnishment law. . . . But made in a Court opinion, holding Wisconsin's law unconstitutional, they amount to what I believe to be a plain, judicial usurpation of state legislative power to decide what the state's laws shall be."

In an addendum, Justice Black renewed his assault upon the whole business of deciding constitutional issues on the basis of a shock-the-conscience test. A judge's concept of "fundamental fairness" has no place in determining the validity of a state law. In its delegation of powers, the Constitution speaks for itself; the meaning of "due process" must be found within the Constitution, and not, as Justice Frankfurter once suggested in a dreamy moment, in "those canons of decency and fairness which express the notions of justice of English-speaking peoples."

"All of these so-called tests," Black concluded, "represent nothing more nor less than an implicit adoption of a Natural Law concept which under our system leaves to judges alone the power to decide what the Natural Law means. These so-called standards do not bind judges within any boundaries that can be precisely marked or defined by words for holding laws unconstitutional. On the contrary, these tests leave them wholly free to decide what they are convinced is right and fair. If the judges, in deciding whether laws are constitutional, are to be left only to the admonitions of their own consciences, why was it that the founders gave us a written Constitution at all?"

Pole Star

This personal aspect of the code of self-restraint—that judges ought never to confuse their own conscience and the country's Constitution—is paramount. But the code is supplemented by many other traditions of procedure, of comity and of prudence. Together, these form a body of principles for Supreme Court jurisprudence; and these are the principles repeatedly abandoned in the Warren years.

Thus, the Court will not hear cases that are moot. It will not decide issues that have been neither briefed nor argued. It will not take state cases until final judgments have been entered down below. It will not take dummy cases, lacking a genuine adversary interest. It will insist upon strict obedience to its fixed rules of pleading and practice: "This is the nation's ultimate judicial tribunal," Frankfurter once remarked, "not a super-legal aid bureau." It will select only those cases involving truly important public questions. "The experience of centuries," Frankfurter said again, "is behind the wisdom of not deciding, whether explicitly or by atmospheric pressure, matters that do not come to the Court with the impact of necessity."

Many other self-imposed rules have guided the Court. Out of respect for co-equal branches, the Court will stay clear of political thickets: "Questions of political expedience," said Justice Bradley in the Legal Tender Cases, "belong to the legislative halls, not to the judicial forum." The Court will accord a decent respect to the doctrines of *stare decisis*, in the wise view that it is often better for the law to be decided than for the law to be decided "correctly." "One of the bedrock rules that has governed the Court," said Justice Harlan, dissenting in the Adam Clayton Powell case in June, "is that the decision of constitutional questions in the disposition of cases should be avoided whenever fairly possible."

All these are rules of self-restraint. Their object, in part at least, is to maintain the role of the Court as the most conservative of the three branches. In his *Struggle for Judicial Supremacy*, Justice Robert Jackson expounded on this theme. Jackson was writing in 1940, a year before he joined the Court. The device of life tenure, in his view, had operated historically so as to keep the viewpoint of the Court about a generation behind the viewpoint of Congress. "So well has this strategy worked," he remarked, "that never in its entire history can the Supreme Court be said to have for a single hour been representative of anything except the relatively conservative forces of its day."

It was a sweeping statement, subject to easy challenge at the time, but Jackson was chewing on a kernel of truth. One great purpose of the ponderous machinery of the law, grinding out the law's delays, is to serve as a barrier to innovation. The Court functions "as the brake on other men's conduct," Frankfurter once observed. While Congress and the White House are plunging full speed ahead, the Court historically has chugged gently astern.

This tradition, jettisoned so rudely in the Warren years, is echoed in the oldest of all rules of constitutional law. Jefferson described this canon of jurisdiction in 1823: "On every question of construction, carry ourselves back to the time when the Constitution was adopted, recollect the spirit manifested in the debates, and instead of trying what meaning may be squeezed out of the text, or invented against it, conform to the probable one in which it was passed."

To Judge Cooley, most famous of the professors of constitutional law, this rule of strict construction—to go first to the intention of the framers and ratifiers—was the very "pole star" of constitutional adjudication. Such an adherence to fixed meanings does not exclude the proposition that ours is a "living Constitution." Of course the Constitution lives, in the enduring structure of government it created, in the separation of powers, in the spirit of human liberty that gives life to the Bill of Rights. But especially in questions of power, and in the meaning to be attached to particular words and phrases, the intention of the framers is critical. If this is scorned, judges become not interpreters, but amenders.

Landmark Cases

And this, of course, is the grave offense imputed to the Warren Court in its handling of the Constitution: The Court did not interpret; it amended. Not only in the school case, but in many other areas of the law, the Court overturned constructions that in effect had become part of the Constitution itself. Instead of contributing to stability in the law, the Warren activists tossed precedent aside. In their impatience with Congress, the states and the people, they could not wait upon solutions to public problems through statutory enactment or constitutional amendment. And in their obsession for equality—an absolute equality never intended and impossible of achievement—they often abandoned both common sense and the needs of society as a whole.

To be sure, when it suited their purposes, members of the Warren bloc made a show at seeking the intention of the framers. This was done in the *Brown* case of 1954. The Court had listened politely to overwhelming evidence that the 39th Congress, in proposing the Fourteenth Amendment, never on earth intended to prohibit the states from maintaining racially separate schools. But when it came time to write the opinion, Warren was indifferent to such evidence. In a single paragraph, he brushed it away as "in-

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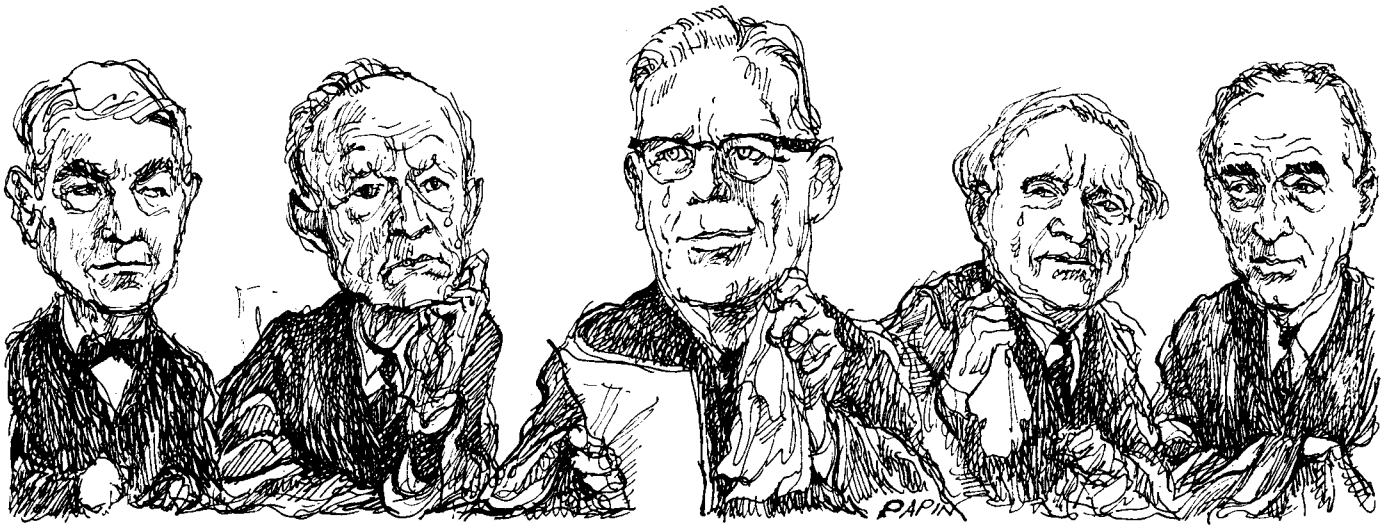

conclusive." And even so, "we cannot turn the clock back to 1868 when the Amendment was adopted, or even to 1896 when *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* was written. We must consider public education in the light of its full development and its present place in American life throughout the nation."

The question was asked at the time, but must be asked again and again in different contexts: In the name of the founding fathers, why *not* turn back the clock? In questions of constitutional construction, this is the first duty of appellate judges. The Court in the *Brown* case had no obligation to "consider public education" in the light of its full development or in any other light. It was a compassionate thought on the Chief's part that segregated schools may affect the hearts and minds of children in a way unlikely ever to be undone; but compassion has no place in construing a constitution. As far back as 1795, Justice Paterson stated the rule: "Motives of commiseration, from whatever source they flow, must not mingle in the administration of justice." But under Warren, such motives were mingled time after time.

The race relations cases, born of *Brown*, formed the first of the three great landmarks left by the Warren years. Many of the same criticisms that are made of *Brown* apply with equal force to the second milestone—the reapportionment doctrines laid down in *Baker* v. *Carr*, and the cases that came thereafter. Here, too, as in the case of the South's Negro schools, the facts formed a canvas of palpable wrongs. Tennessee had not permitted a reapportionment of seats for sixty years. Moore County, with a population of 2,300, had two representatives; so did Rutherford, with a population of 25,000. The 34,000 residents of Anderson County had the same representation allocated to the three thousand residents of Houston County. As Justice Clark remarked, it was "a topsy-turvical of gigantic proportions."

Blows for Democracy?

The trial court acknowledged these inequities, and condemned them, but dismissed the complaint: "The remedy in this situation clearly does not lie with the courts." A fragmented majority of the Warren Court, erupting with six opinions in splitting 6-2, tossed precedent aside and reinstated the suit. In a superb dissenting opinion—one of the best he ever wrote—Frankfurter denounced the majority's action as "a massive repudiation of the experience of our whole past." The Court, he said, had reversed "a uniform course of decision established by a dozen cases, including one by which the very claim now sustained was unanimously rejected only five years ago." In his view, it simply was not the proper business of the Court to inject itself into the political problems of a state, no matter how malapportioned Tennessee might be.

"There is not under our Constitution a judicial remedy for every political mischief, for every undesirable exercise of legislative power. The framers carefully and with deliberate forethought refused so to enthrone the judiciary. In this situation, as in others, appeal for relief does not belong here. Appeal must be to an informed, civically militant electorate. In a democratic society like ours, relief must come through an aroused popular conscience that sears the conscience of the people's representatives."

Frankfurter and Harlan could not persuade their activist brothers. With *Baker* v. *Carr*, the Court launched itself upon what Harlan later would describe as a "pervasive overlordship" by the federal judiciary of the apportionment of state legislatures across the land. The principles of *Baker* were echoed in 1964 in *Wesberry* v. *Sanders*, having to do with congressional districts. In time, these led to the New York and Missouri cases decided in Warren's final term, in which the Court laid down the doctrinaire rule that states must seek "precise mathematical equality" among their districts, and must "justify each variance, no matter how slight."

Harlan and Stewart, dissenting in the New York and Missouri cases, gave voice to a criticism widely shared:

> Whatever room remained under this Court's prior decisions for the free play of the political process in matters of reapportionment is now all but eliminated by today's Draconian judgments. Marching to the nonexistent "command of Article I, Section 2" of the Constitution, the Court now transforms a political slogan into a constitutional absolute. Straight indeed is the path of the righteous legislator. Slide rule in hand, he must avoid all thought of county lines, local traditions, politics, history and economics, so as to achieve the magic formula: one man, one vote. . . .
>
> This all-pervasive distrust of the legislative process is completely alien to established notions of judicial review. . . . The Court's exclusive concentration upon arithmetic blinds it to the realities of the political process. . . . If the Court believes it has struck a blow today for fully responsive representative democracy, it is sorely mistaken. . . .

The third great landmark of the Warren years arises from a series of

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interlocking opinions having to do with the criminal law. Every outcry against the Warren Court, and every kind word also, come together in the criminal cases.

On their individual merits, many of the key cases were properly decided: These particular convictions should have been reversed. The treatment accorded nineteen-year-old Andrew Mallory, for example, when he was arrested for rape in Washington, D.C., in 1954, cannot be defended. The prolonged delay prior to his arraignment, the withholding of counsel, the techniques of police interrogation—all these violate due process of law. A unanimous Court reversed his conviction. Yet the "Mallory rule," applied in increasingly doctrinaire fashion since it first was propounded, has proved a serious burden to good officers striving to do a good police job.

Gloss on the Fifth

By Warren's own evaluation, *Gideon* v. *Wainwright* in March of 1963 ranks with *Brown* and *Baker*. He views them as the most memorable three cases of his term as Chief. Clarence Earl Gideon was a small-time operator who broke into a poolroom with intent to commit a misdemeanor. When he came up for trial, he asked for a lawyer to defend him. Florida's law made no provision for indigent counsel except in capital cases. Gideon undertook to defend himself. He was found guilty and sentenced to five years. What the Sixth Amendment says is that in "all" criminal prosecutions, a right to counsel obtains; and if one accepts the proposition *arguendo*, that a right to counsel is among the "privileges and immunities" incorporated in the Fourteenth Amendment, Florida should have provided Gideon with a lawyer. That is what a unanimous Court held in the *Gideon* case. In terms of equal justice under the law, it was a fine ruling; but it overturned a precedent of 21 years, and it created formidable problems in the courts of fifty states.

Gideon led to *Escobedo* in June of 1964, and this time the Court was not unanimous. It divided 5-4. There was no question that the Chicago police had behaved badly in refusing Danny Escobedo a chance to confer with his lawyer prior to questioning in a murder case. But there was great question in the minds of Harlan, White, Clark and Stewart that the *Gideon* rule should be expanded as widely as the Warren bloc expanded it. The majority held that a criminal prosecution begins whenever a police inquiry focuses upon a particular suspect; the right to counsel thus comes into play; and unless this right is fully respected by police, no statement elicited from the accused may be used at his trial. Justice Arthur Goldberg wrote the *Escobedo* opinion. Two years later, in reversing the rape-kidnaping conviction of Ernesto Miranda in Arizona, Warren himself still further broadened the *Escobedo* rule. In effect, the activist majority prohibited *any* questioning of a suspect unless his right to counsel—and his right to stand silent—are fully explained to him. The four dissenters of *Escobedo* protested anew: "The Court is taking a real risk with society's welfare," Clark objected, but the new rule of *Miranda* came into being.

Three years earlier, Clark had complained of the majority's tendency to make a "fetish of indigency." In *Douglas* v. *California*, the liberal bloc had ruled against a preliminary screening process used by California in its appellate procedures. The system appeared to create one opportunity for the rich, and a lesser one for the poor. But the equal protection clause, said Harlan in dissent, "does not impose on the states an affirmative duty to lift the handicaps flowing from differences in economic circumstances. To so construe it would be to read into the Constitution a philosophy of leveling that would be foreign to many of our basic concepts of the proper relation between government and society."

In *Fay* v. *Noia*, the Warren group ruled that state prisoners must be accorded new opportunities to challenge their convictions through federal petitions for habeas corpus. Harlan again protested: "This decision, both in its abrupt break with the past and in its consequences for the future, is one of the most disquieting that the Court has rendered in a long time. . . . In what it does today, the Court has turned its back on history and struck a heavy blow at the foundations of our federal system."

It is hard to quarrel with a number of the Court's decisions in the field of self-incrimination, especially with its voiding of the gambling tax. At the time the tax was adopted, many of us said it could not survive Fifth Amendment attack. And it is doubtless true that the practice of a police "lineup" can be abused. Even so, the Court under Warren launched into a series of self-incrimination decisions that stopped just short of a prohibition upon the use of fingerprint evidence, blood-alcohol tests and the like. With the departure of Warren and Fortas, a further gloss on the Fifth may not be applied.

'Hurdles and Barriers'

No field of criminal law saw greater upheaval in the Warren years than the Fourth Amendment law on search and seizures. Precedents that had governed the admissibility of evidence for many years went one by one to the scrap heap. A series of opinions reversed the convictions of criminal defendants whose guilt, as Black objected in one case, was "open and shut." To many observers—and especially to the Court's dissenting minority—this finicky insistence upon legalistic perfection produced bad law and worse policy. In *Katz* v. *United States*, Black wrathfully charged the activists with "clever word juggling," with "rewriting" the Fourth Amendment, and in effect with acting as a "continuously functioning constitutional convention."

The criticism had small effect upon the Warren bloc. Now and then, a rare opinion served to strengthen the hand of law enforcement: Warren himself spoke for the Court in authorizing police officers, under tightly limited circumstances, to stop and frisk a suspect. The Hoffa cases condoned some small degree of "bugging," under the extraordinary threat of jury tampering. In a Baltimore case, the rule was ever so slightly broadened on the seizure of identifying evidence as distinguished from actual tools or spoils of crime. On the whole, however, the line of Fourth Amendment cases followed a consistent course, by which the majority demanded perfect warrants, perfectly executed, issued on affidavits of overwhelming probable cause.

Well, it may be asked, what is so wrong with that? Is not the citizen's right to privacy a precious right? The answer is simply that the Court's increasingly impossible demands are remote from reality; they require ordinary cops to act as constitutional lawyers. A form of extremism comes into play: The Court would not absolutely prohibit the use of confessions; it would merely make confessions impossible to obtain. The Court would not ban electronic detection devices in theory; it would ban them only in fact. The Court would not object to reasonable searches; but it would find nine of ten searches unreasonable.

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During the Warren years, the ends of justice, and the needs of society, thus disappeared into a rarefied gas of vaporized rhetoric. Newly-fabricated rules on self-incrimination, on confessions, on jury trials, on rights to counsel, on post-conviction remedies, suddenly have been imposed on police and prosecutors. In North Carolina, a brute criminal goes free: He had twice raped a girl, shot her and her escort with a rifle, and left them to die; but the rifle, obtained without a proper warrant, was inadmissible. In California, a bank robber gets off; it was unconstitutional for police to obtain a sample of his handwriting. A merchant seaman in New York, plainly guilty of peddling narcotics, wiggles loose from the law. Eddie Harrison, who *three times* confessed to murder, could not be sent to prison; none of the three confessions could pass the purity test.

Scores of such cases run through the records of the Warren years. In the view of experienced police officials, struggling to cope with accelerating rates of crime, there is no question that the decisions, taken as a whole, have seriously hampered law enforcement. The majority's doctrinaire pronouncements have played havoc with long-established principles of federalism. State authorities have found themselves hobbled in writing criminal statutes; even when they parrot the Court's very words, as in obscenity and eavesdropping statutes, they have not been able to satisfy the perfectionists' demands. The demands keep changing. The law governing the "permissible area of immediate search at the time of arrest" now has changed five times in fifty years—most recently in June in *Chimel* v. *California*. Precedents die like desert flowers. *Russell* v. *Shelton*, in 1962, knocked out a rule on indictments that had stood for more than a century. *Lee* v. *Florida* overturned a sixteen-year-old rule on the use of telephone evidence. *Mancusi* v. *De Forte*, decided in 1968, overruled a Fourth Amendment construction that had stood for 54 years, and brought a cry from Justice Black that "the Court is putting up new hurdles and barriers bound to save many criminals from conviction."

Warren as Dissenter

It is not only in criminal law, to be sure, that the Warren Court exhibited its contempt for the wisdom of the past. Copyright law, labor law, patent law, antitrust law—all these have witnessed a drastic reshaping. A disgusted Justice Stewart, in one such case, denounced his brothers for "judicial legerdemain."

The Warren years saw clear patterns develop in cases having to do with commerce. One study found that 43 of 45 antitrust decisions between 1953 and 1967 went in the government's favor. Twenty-three of 25 cases dealing with the Federal Trade Commission were similarly decided. In the term of court just ended, the National Labor Relations Board preserved its perfect record; The NLRB has not lost a case in the Warren Court for the past four years.

Chief Justice Warren, making his exit in a flourish of trumpets, wrote four of the Court's eleven opinions of June 16 and June 24. They offer a fair sample of some of the points his critics make.

The primary purpose in Adam Clayton Powell's suit against the House was to gain admission to the 90th Congress. By the time the suit reached the Supreme Court, that question was plainly moot. The 90th Congress had ended, and Powell had been seated in the 91st. Only the peripheral issue of back pay remained. Under the Court's traditional rules of self-restraint, moot issues will not be reviewed; neither will constitutional questions — especially delicate questions of great magnitude—needlessly be decided.

But the Powell case presented a valedictory occasion; it offered an opportunity for Chief Justice Warren to perform the same classic figurations executed by John Marshall 166 years earlier in *Marbury* v. *Madison*. Warren boldly proclaimed the Court's supremacy—under circumstances that prevented the supremacy from actually being exerted. It was a dashing slalom through the law, dramatic but meaningless; and by ironical fortune, the case gave Warren a nice opportunity to reverse the lower court decision of his successor, Warren Earl Burger.

On the same day that he handed down the Powell opinion, Warren spoke for the Court in the El Paso Natural Gas case. Actually he spoke only for himself and his three oldest companions at arms—Black, Brennan and Douglas. (White and Marshall took no part in the case.) The Utah Public Service Commission, appellant in the suit, had asked formally that the appeal be dismissed. All other parties had joined in the motion. Such a request is *always* granted, if only in obedience to the constitutional provision limiting the Court's jurisdiction to actual cases and controversies. This time, however, Warren and his colleagues made an exception. The case had been up once before, in 1967. "Our mandate is involved here." So the four-man majority

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plunged onward toward decision anyhow.

Harlan, joined by Stewart, wrote a slashing farewell to the Chief:

> The action taken by the Court today will be dismaying to all who are accustomed to regard this institution as a court of law.
>
> All semblance of judicial procedure has been discarded in the headstrong effort to reach a result that four members of this Court believe desirable. In violation of the Court's rules, the majority asserts the power to dispose of this case according to its own notions, despite the fact that all the parties participating in the lower court proceedings are satisfied that the District Court decree is in the public interest. . . . I cannot possibly subscribe to such an abuse of the judicial process. . . .
>
> The Court's conclusion that its mandate has been disobeyed is, in short, based upon completely erroneous factual premises born of a superficial acquaintance with this fourteen-thousand-page record. This is not surprising since the majority has seen fit to decide this important case without the benefit of significant oral or written argument. And yet it is upon this tenuous basis that the Court has chosen to shatter centuries of judicial tradition in order to reach a decision that does not even promise to further the interests of California's gas consumers. . . .

Harlan's rebuke of the Warren bloc was fully deserved. It was much closer to the mark than the fulsome tribute delivered to the departing Chief a few days later by President Nixon. In one of his bend-over-backward humors, the President delivered a load of flatulent sentiments he could not possibly have believed; but then, as Dr. Johnson once remarked, in the composing of lapidary inscriptions, men are not upon their oaths.

It would be an error, it seems to me, to read into any account of the Warren years an implication that Warren ranked with John Marshall as a controlling figure on the bench. "There was never a Warren Court in the sense that he dominated it," Professor Alexander Bickel has written. "But there was a Warren Court in the sense that starting, by accident, with his assent, and accelerating, there was clearly a different attitude, a new outlook."

Warren did not always have his way in the great cases of his time. Especially in the early years, when Frankfurter, Whittaker and Clark were still around, the Chief was often on the losing end. Over one span of eight years, between 1955 and 1963, Warren dissented almost 150 times. Between 1957 and 1961, by my count, he stood 48 times with Black, Douglas and Brennan on the bottom side of 5-4 decisions.

Warren v. *Burger*

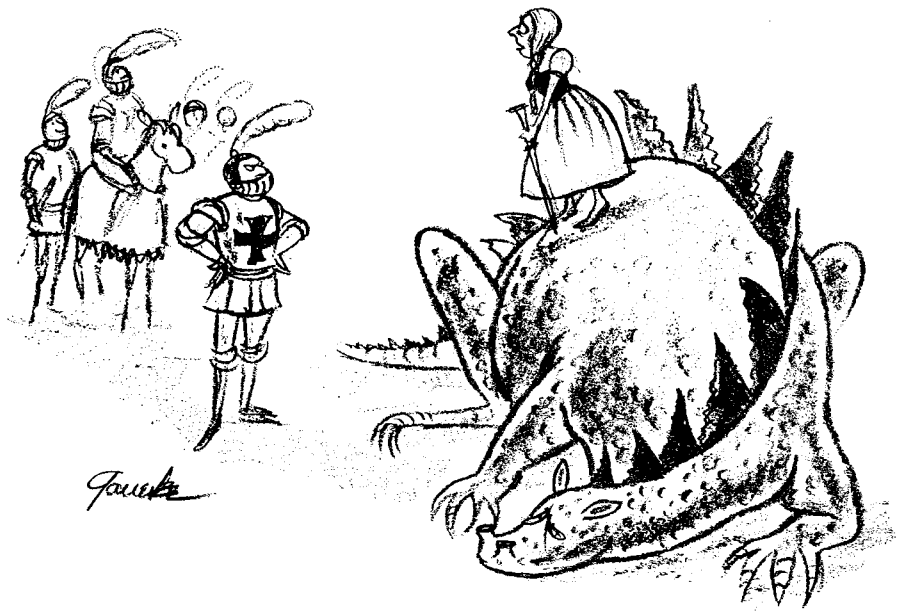
Neither should an impression be left that Warren was always, in every case, on the activist side. In the area of obscenity censorship, he stood close by the Harlan conservatives. He frequently cast his vote, as in the Maryland blue law case, on the side of "states' rights." In the dissenting opinion he filed last October in the matter of Governor George Wallace, seeking a place on Ohio's ballot, Warren was a model of judicial restraint. In the stop-and-frisk case, *Terry* v. *Ohio*, the Chief resisted the howls of his bleedingheart brothers in order to write an opinion of help to police. When it served his purposes, he could defend the Court's rules with steadfast reserve.

Yet the big trends toward activism persisted throughout the Warren years, and the big opinions that were written —*Brown*, *Baker*, *Gideon*, *Escobedo*, *Miranda*, the New York prayer case, the decisions that liberalized pornography and rewrote the Bill of Rights— will have a lasting impact on the law. The presumption is strong that as suitable cases come along, presenting better facts to work with, a reconstituted court under Burger will clip the wings of some of these spread-eagled doctrines, especially in reapportionment and in some areas of criminal law. But few persons imagine that Burger will seek to overturn the monuments. More likely, the Court of 1969-70 will undertake chiefly to tidy up the grounds.

As this is written, the President has yet to nominate a successor to the departed Abe Fortas. In his famous press conference of May 22, however, Nixon clearly described his intentions. With deliberate care, he proposes to find judges who share his own philosophy of strict construction. He believes that Burger is such a judge; and he hopes to see Burger's constitutional views, notably in criminal law, adopted by a majority of the Court.

The President's "hope" underscores a candid admission by Hugo Black in the television interview last winter. The interview had turned to the school segregation cases. One of the reporters reminded Black that the Constitution itself had not changed between *Plessy* in 1896 and *Brown* in 1954. True enough, Black acknowledged, but something else had changed: *The judges had changed.*

And they are changing now. Warren and Fortas have departed. Black is 83, Douglas 71, Harlan seventy. It is entirely possible that Nixon may be able to nominate a majority of the Court over the next two or three years. If so, we may expect something of a trend toward stability, restraint, and tradition. The Court will not be passive—it can never be passive—but the Burger years promise a quieter chapter in the history of the high court than the Warren years now ended. □



"Honest! it was self-defense."

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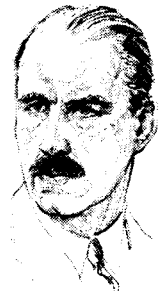
ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN



PRESIDENT NIXON IN RUMANIA

LETTER FROM THE CONTINENT

The news of President Nixon's trip to Rumania came as a bombshell whose effect was delayed, because no one knows yet whether the Soviets knew about it in advance or were taken by surprise. In this guessing game Europeans have the advantage of knowing more or less what the Rumanians are like. The Rumanian language is of Latin origin but its vocabulary is full of Slav, Magyar and Greek words and its grammar has Illyric elements. Russia has interfered more in the affairs of the Rumanians than did the overlord Austrians. In 1812, Russia annexed the eastern part of Moldavia called Bessarabia. Rumania got Bessarabia back after the First World War, but in 1940 it was re-annexed by the Soviet Union with Hitler's okay and the Russians kept it after World War II. All Rumanians, whatever their political convictions, dream of its eventual return. The same holds true of Northern Bukovina, another historically Rumanian region which has been in Soviet hands since 1940.

This is one important root of the latent animosity of the Rumanians for the Russians. But there is also a cultural one: although the Rumanians are East Europeans of the Greek-Oriental faith, some of those living in what used to be east Hungary are "Greek-Catholics" (Uniates) and resent having been brutally forced into the fold of the Eastern Church. Also, while the soul of Rumania is Eastern, the mind, the intellectual outlook of its people is Western. Rumanians make a cult of their Latin background, their very name is derived from Rome; their spiritual capital was not Berlin or Vienna, but Paris. Rumanian society was more Gallicized than its Russian counterpart and French influences affected not only the upper crust but the entire literary, scientific and artistic life of the country. Sophisticated Rumanians saw themselves as the easternmost outpost of the Western world. The Rumanian Communists fought this attitude at first, but even they had to let up after a while. In Rumania, life is undoubtedly far more "communized" than it is in Yugoslavia, but resistance to Soviet demands is about equally strong. An example: The Rumanian Communists (probably under Russian pressure) changed the spelling from *România* to *Romînia* in order to eliminate memories of Rome and Latinity. But a few years ago the old spelling was officially reintroduced. Straws in the wind of this sort reveal more than editorials in *Scinteia*. The old Francophilia, revived in conjunction with anti-Russian sentiments existing even in the Communist Party, found its most concrete expression in the tumultuous reception for General de Gaulle at the very height of the Paris student riots. There have been other manifestations of pro-Western and anti-Russian sentiments: the resumption of diplomatic relations with Bonn and Madrid; the refusal to condemn Israel after the Six Day War; the close ties with Peking; and the refusal to participate in the attack on Czechoslovakia by the members of the Warsaw Pact.

In other words: Rumania is an outsider in the Soviet bloc, a close collaborator of Peking and a not-too-active member of the Warsaw Pact. Her nonconformism toward Moscow is not really ideological, it is due rather to national grievances and cultural differences which affect even the outlook of the Communist Party in Rumania.

The question which engrosses Europeans is this: What can America gain by sending her President to Bucharest? What risks are the Rumanians running in inviting him? One theory is that Mr. Nixon hopes to use the Rumanians to mediate between the United States and Peking. This is supposed to worry the Russians about the possibility of a U.S.-Chinese détente; it raises the specter of direct talks and negotiations with individual members of the Red bloc bypassing Moscow. The brief notice in *Pravda* announcing the President's Rumanian trip, the threatened cancellation of Brezhnev's visit there in July and *Izvestia*'s warning that the President should beware of "wrongly evaluating the correct balance of power in the world" and should give up his "tactics of political and ideological diversion" in regard to the socialist countries, indicate that Moscow is not very pleased.

Is an American attempt to come to terms with Peking (via Bucharest or some other intermediary) in itself a hostile move against Moscow? The first question to be answered is: How effective is this procedure? Personally I can't believe that Bucharest can provide the ideal contact with the Red Chinese, whose outlook, mentality and usages are so radically different from those of the West. If, on the other hand, the President's visit is designed to weaken and undermine the Eastern bloc, the Soviet reaction could be brutal and Rumania, rather than the United States, would have to foot the bill. This risk the Rumanians are in a better position to assess than the United States. Rumania signed the declaration of the Communist Party conference in Moscow, though with distinct reservations. One thing is certain: the Rumanian CP does not desire as radical a break with Moscow as the one effected long ago by Yugoslavia. In other words what the Rumanians have taken is a calculated risk. □

School Days

School days, school days,
Dear old sharp ferule days.
Bleeding and rioting (arithmetic?)
Taught to the swing of a thick night-
stick.

I was your gal with shattered knee—
You were my bashful SOB—
You wrote in my book an obscenity—
When we were a couple of kids.

JOHN D. KIRWAN

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MOONSTRUCK

The Gould Theory

JOHN BRENNAN

As everyone must know by now, the flight of the Apollos has brought unforeseen consequences to the people of the United States. The moon flights were thought to be a bit expensive by some because of the price tag of $24 billion, but it now appears that the $24 billion was a minuscule down-payment.

Chester Gould, one of the greatest scientific minds of this century, actually prophesied in part what every other scientist thought to be unthinkable. In his monumental, if rather strangely titled volume for a work of scientific import, *The Adventures of Dick Tracy*, Gould plumped foursquare for the theory that the moon must be inhabited. Gould theorized that moon people, remarkably similar to Earth people except for the antennae that thrust forth from their foreheads, lived in moon canyons where a civilization of an involved and complex nature had been developing over the countless centuries. Gould indicated, although probably intuitively, that the deep canyons were warmed by the central fires of the moon's interior and that a constant water supply was maintained by vapors congealing into ice when they rose to the moon's frigid surface only to return in the form of rain when the moon's face was warmed by the rays of the sun. Under these salubrious conditions the moon civilization thrived and developed.

It is axiomatic that it is dangerous for a scientist to make statements outside his own chosen field of expertise. The Wiesners and Shapleys have proven this beyond doubt. Thus when Gould went beyond his original hypothesis concerning the existence of moon dwellers and entered the realm of social science, his predictions were foredoomed to failure. The inhabitants of the moon turned out to be a rather elongated (due to the moon's weak gravitational pull) and underdeveloped race of semiprimitives who lived in small stone block-houses, or "glwki" in the lunar language, at the bottom of the canyons.

When Professor Albert Lewis of MIT made his first descent into a moon canyon he discovered the inhabitants worshiping the remains of Lunik 2, which had fallen into the canyon on September 13, 1959. In another canyon a more enterprising group of moon inhabitants had actually sent search parties to the surface of the moon from time to time to gather in the remains of other space vehicles which were brought back to the canyon floor and enshrined. Especially valued were parts of the U.S. spacecraft Ranger 7 which were retrieved from the crash site. These parts were capable of producing a buzzing noise from time to time and grim sacrifices were made to propitiate the strange gods hidden in the metal conglomeration.

There is an historical theory that for an event to be significant it must occur when indefinable forces are interacting in such a meaningful manner that the event inevitably thrusts itself into the public consciousness. (Matthews, *Historical Fortuitousness*; Chapter 3, page 78.) Thus it has proven unfortunate

that the discovery of moon beings occurred at a period in history when the pendulum of American political philosophy was swinging from left to right and was stuck at dead center with enormous forces pulling it in each direction. On one hand were those who saw the country's largess as an inexhaustible purse from which expenditures for social uplift could be distributed indefinitely, and on the other hand were those who were experiencing a rebirth of those independent values held dear during the expansionist nineteenth century when a man was proud to be an American.

The problem began with the insistence by chauvinistic senators that the American flag be carried to the moon and placed thereon. This accomplished, other senators of similar persuasion insisted that the planting of the American flag upon the moon meant that the moon was under American sovereignty.

Little was thought of this until the handsome young senator from Massachusetts, fulfilling a pledge to himself and his constituents to speak wisely on every topic and to remain silent no longer than fifteen minutes at any given stretch, pointed out that the newly discovered moon creatures were, by right of the planting of the flag, American citizens, ipso facto, and that it behooved the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and the Office of Economic Opportunity to survey the feelings of the moon men and minister to their needs whatever they may be.

The *Congressional Record* reports that innumerable surveys were conducted in each and every canyon of the moon including the infamous Jlwki Canyon on the dark side of the moon where the inhabitants captured, slew and ate the first three investigative bodies to venture there. They were only subdued when copies of *Playboy* and the Montgomery Ward catalog were flung from the canyon mouth into the depths. Bemused by the illustrations, the inhabitants surrendered without further loss to the investigative team.

The survey revealed the entire population of the moon had but one wish. They wished to get off the moon and live on Earth.

The National Security Council was

(Continued on page 817)

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THE CAMPUS SCENE

Memo on the New Left

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

MEMO TO: The Editors of *NR*
FROM: Bill Rusher
DATE: August 1, 1969
SUBJECT: The New Left

IF YOU FIGURE that my career as a debater began in the fall of 1937 during my sophomore year at Great Neck High, when I joined an extracurricular organization called The Filibusters, I have been arguing politics, man and boy, for 32 years. For the first thirty of those years, my principal sparring partners were liberals and leftists of all the usual hues, and even before I graduated from high school my dislike for their politics had become so marked that the school yearbook for the far-off year 1940 describes me as having a "natural aversion to radicals."

In the past few years, however, the growth of the phenomenon called the New Left has proved that there is indeed something new under the sun. Since the beginning of 1968, I have spoken or debated on more than forty college campuses. The New Leftists have been present on virtually all of them, and they are rapidly inducing in me a certain nostalgia for my old opponents—their predecessors of the liberal and other leftist persuasions. Now that experience has provided a basis, I thought that those of you not out on the firing line might like a report on the new breed. What follows necessarily involves generalizations—but they are, I repeat, generalizations based on extensive experience. Here and there, this or that New Leftist—or even a whole anemic SDS chapter—does not conform to the general description. But I am satisfied that it is accurate *in general.*

To the New Leftists the arch-villain, quite simply, is the United States of America. They loathe it with a passion that disdains disguise. In the old days, questioning the patriotism of a leftist (even an avowed card-carrying Communist) was quite likely to lead to an invitation to fisticuffs. Nowadays Tom Hayden and his imitators will tell you, without even waiting to be asked, that they are rooting for an American military defeat in Vietnam and the subsequent toppling of the whole despised "System."

This hatred of America is not only deep, but extends to just about every aspect of the American government and society: its foreign policy ("imperialist"), its economic system ("capitalist" and "exploitative"), its values ("hypocritical"), its culture ("materialistic"), its democracy ("phony"), etc., etc. Insofar as any system or order can be discerned in this critique, it might be called an eclectic paleo-Marxism—a patchwork of quaint oversimplifications, roughly contemporary with "23 skidoo," most of which were dropped by the Communists themselves in the 1930s as too transparent to pass muster even then. (The popular New Left notion, for example, that a politician as vain and adept as Lyndon Johnson would sacrifice his own career to protect U.S. Rubber's investment in Southeast Asia would have caused even the late Josef Stalin to giggle.)

Rampant Nihilism

But Marxism is not really at the root of this pathological hatred of America. Rather, the hatred is a logical consequence of the fundamental identifying characteristic of the New Left: its rampant nihilism. Nihilism, as many observers have noted, is the New Left's substitute for all those five-year, ten-point programs (always involving a further expansion of federal power and a vast expenditure of federal funds) that were such a tediously familiar part of the baggage of the liberals on the Old Left. It is also the reason New Leftists do not share the classic Marxist's touching faith in the laws of history as deduced by St. Karl. What laws? What history? It is enough to smash the existing social structure—"the System." And what shall replace it? After a blank look, you are told: "A better society." But better in what way? Based on what values, what common assumptions, what policies, what laws? The New Left has no answer. Instead: "*Anything* would be better than This!"

Inevitably, in view of this nihilism, one of the stigmata of the New Leftists is a sort of truculent ignorance. It extends not only to the finer points of leftist doctrine, of which most of them are as unaware as a baboon, but also—and *a fortiori*—to the serious case for conservatism. I have never met a New Left student who betrayed the slightest inkling that there really was such a case, let alone what it might be. Here again they are readily distinguishable from the Old Leftists, who were often highly educated people suffering from nothing more than sentimentality and a stubborn streak, and who frequently knew quite as much about their opponents' case as they did about their own. Not so the New Leftist. To him, in case after case that I have personally witnessed, any conservative is swiftly and peremptorily dismissed as "that fascist" or "that racist." Q.E.D.

From this it follows that it is unnecessary for a New Leftist to listen seriously to a conservative, even on a panel deliberately designed to represent a wide spectrum of views. I never took very literally the goody-goody insistence of the Old Left liberals that they really *wanted* to hear the conservative viewpoint; that wouldn't be quite human. But, by God, they were true enough to their Millsian dogmas to sit there and listen to it anyway. Many New Leftists, on the other hand, prefer to walk out, or (better yet) break up the meeting altogether, if they have the strength to do so.

I think, by the way, that the famous New Left eccentricity in clothes and hair styles, as well as their sedulously cultivated tendency to obscenity and just plain slovenliness, are at bottom a part (and a significant part) of their nihilistic posture of all-out attack on the society. *Epater la bourgeoisie* is, of course, an Old Left tropism; but the New Left has carried it to its logical conclusion. When the first Columbia rioter defecated in Grayson Kirk's wastebasket, the essentially infantile-aggressive character of this kind of "protest" should finally have been apparent to all.

So too, *a fortiori*, with the tendency to raw violence that hovers just beneath (and not always beneath) the surface of New Left behavior. The Old

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Leftists, or at least the liberals among them, sincerely abhorred violence as a substitute for discussion. (Mill again, you see.) But to the New Left student, who quite frequently has never heard of Mill and certainly wouldn't admire him if he had, all "democratic" processes are a fraud anyway, designed precisely to frustrate social progress (*cf.* Marcuse), and violence is a potent remedy for what ails our society. The New Leftist will use it whenever he dares.

It probably goes without saying that these busy little moralists, like most such types, are totally devoid of a sense of humor; but I must say it anyway, because it is the single fact about them that depresses me most. Liberals of the old school like Adlai Stevenson were often (though not always) famous for their wit, and during my year-and-a-half with the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee I even managed, more than once, to relieve the tensions of an executive session by bantering with some lawyer I knew to be a Communist, and who knew I knew he was one. But have you ever tried to tell a joke to a New Leftist? (I exclude, of course, jokes at the expense of the numerous people they hate.) Repeatedly within the past two or three years, and for the first time in my life as far as I can recall, the most harmless pleasantry—even the "funny story" that traditionally opens a serious speech—has been hissed or subsequently denounced by the New Leftists in the audience. The routine applause for a speaker they disagree with is, routinely, withheld. No doubt one is expected to assume—as they probably assume themselves—that this ugly mood grows naturally out of their lofty preoccupation with the intolerable shortcomings of American life. But actually it is just the natural grimness of snobs so self-righteous that they can't spare even a chuckle for that appreciation of the essential ridiculousness of the human condition that lies at the heart of humor.

Zoo-Keepers

Parents, it is almost equally needless to say, usually have as little influence on their New Left children as Canute had on the tide. It is fashionable to blame the parents for this, I know, and no doubt some do deserve at least part of the blame—especially those who sniffed the Old Left's glue in the 1930s and '40s, and transmitted to their offspring a crippling ethical anoxia. But the truth is that the family unit, as a principal shaper of character, went out over most of America with the bustle. Every social and technological tendency in modern American society diminishes and fragments the family and proportionately increases the baneful influence of TV, other children and the schools. Where substantial parental influence survives at all, it is a tribute to either special circumstances, unusual personal qualities, sheer luck or (sometimes) all three.

The real keepers of this fantastic zoo are to be found among the younger ranks of the high school and (especially) college faculties. These individuals usually have enough knowledge of how to behave in civilized intellectual circles to pose as leftists of an older and relatively more respectable school; they may even have the rudiments of a sense of humor, or at any rate value one enough to feign it. But they quietly enjoy their total dominance over these young people, and feed them just enough simplistic pseudo-Marxist catnip to keep them fine-tuned on the subject of America's inherent loathsomeness. It is interesting to speculate on the possible motives of a teacher who must surely recognize his proximate responsibility for the behavior of these frequently unbathed, often foul-mouthed and (above all) intransigently ignorant youngsters. Is it really just a perverted, perhaps unrecognized, love of power? Or is it some obscure form of displaced clerkish vengeance, acting itself out against the baffled and exasperated parents? Probably it is both; and we must also never forget that while the young professors are usually somewhat above the level of their charges, intellectually and behaviorally, they are often not very *far* above it.

The damage is compounded by those compulsive sentimentalists (Murray Kempton comes to mind) whose bag is defending literally anything that draws criticism, however merited the criticism may be. These are "fine young people"; they have "something to tell us"; they are "intellectually the cream of the crop." I doubt it; I really do. Some of them unquestionably have native intelligence, and here and there you find one who has been subjected to some higher educational discipline—usually

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SPECIAL REPORT

Welfare and the Court

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

IN A RECENT DECISION the Supreme Court struck down as unconstitutional the residence requirements imposed by several states on welfare recipients. The Justice who wrote the decision was quoted in the *New York Times* as reasoning that to require a period of residence from applicants for welfare payments would reduce their ability to travel across state lines, while the Constitution requires that people be free to travel throughout the United States.

The reasoning is silly. The Constitution does prohibit the construction of obstacles to travel by local governments (I'm not sure whether the Federal Government could create obstacles, and under what circumstances); but it does not impose on any government the affirmative duty to provide people with the means of travel or relocation. Rich and poor must be allowed to travel. But if you don't have the money to do so, the government does not have to give it to you. Nor does the government have to make arrangements to facilitate your travel, as long as it does not deliberately hinder travel or relocation.

Yet the Court now requires not—as the Constitution prescribes—that welfare recipients be allowed to travel or relocate, that no legal obstacle be placed in their way, but—as the Constitution does not prescribe—that the government provide means for relocation, means which incidentally are not available to non-welfare recipients who cannot relocate unless they can secure income in their new places of residence—income that, according to the Supreme Court, the new place of residence must provide for relocating welfare recipients.

The decision is silly, but, for the time being, we are stuck with it. It makes the welfare payments handed out in New York even more attractive to eligible residents of other states who do get less, or nothing, at home. Thus, the welfare problem of the more generous states is almost intolerably aggravated. (I discount the lies told us for years by welfare administrators. E.g., the New York City Commissioner of Welfare in the 1960s: "The availability of public assistance did not affect the flow of population from state to state.") The number of welfare recipients in New York City increased by 542 per cent between 1958 and 1969; the cost by 722 per cent.[1] A major part of this increase comes from the immigration of non-residents attracted by the generosity of administrators and New York taxpayers.

In the absence of other methods (e.g., federal payments) what can we do in the light of the Court decision? I believe that it is quite possible to act in conformity with it, while discouraging relocation in New York of those attracted solely, or mainly, by the difference between New York welfare payments and those received in the localities they leave.[2]

New York could adopt a rule stipulating that anyone who has resided in New York for less than three years will, if found eligible for welfare, receive for the next five years welfare payments according to the rates and schedules of his original residence (for, say, the previous five years) unless exceeding those paid in New York. This will require some adjustments in our legislation but these are easily made, and are, for other reasons, overdue. Such a rule would discourage whatever immigration takes place for the sake of the welfare differential.

Would such a rule be constitutional? Would the courts think so? The present rulings of the Court leave this open.

To make the proposed rule unconstitutional the Court would have to decide: 1) That no distinction whatsoever can be made by local governments between residents and new or non-residents with respect to welfare payments. (But such distinctions are constitutional in a number of respects—e.g., taxpaying, voting, schooling.) 2) That distinctions cannot be arbitrary, and that the proposed one is. (Hard to believe since it has a clearly justifiable, rational purpose.) 3) That payments must be sufficient—in the opinion of the Court—to support new residents. 4) That payments in the old residence were sufficient there, but are not in the new residence in the opinion of the Court. 5) That higher payments to old residents indicate the insufficiency of a lower one offered to new or non-residents.

It is possible that the Court will make any or all of these rulings, although it seems unreasonable and unlikely (though not for this reason) to me.

But I think we might well try to adopt a law which seems quite justified, and is, as far as we know now, constitutional. After all, the welfare recipient in relocating would not, as he does under residence laws, be denied benefits; he would continue to receive them. He may find them to be less valuable, or below the standards of his new residence—which will prevent him from relocating there for the sake of higher standards and payments. But it does not seem reasonable to burden states that want to offer higher welfare payments to their residents with the requirement to improve the fate of non-residents over what they would receive at home, which they therefore would leave. I do not believe such relocation is in the social interest. The welfare rule which I here propose for New York may help the Court to get rid of the most damaging effects of a foolish decision. □

1. Quotation and data from Milton Himmelfarb's courageous "Is American Jewry in Crisis?", *Commentary*, March, 1969.

2. As I pointed out in a previous article in *NR* (Nov. 19, 1968) both the direct and the indirect cost of welfare is far higher per person in New York than elsewhere, and would be higher even if benefits were not.

If Somebody Doesn't Stop This Thing, I'll Pull The Cord

Hurry up and shoot the stork:
We're eight million in New York
(With a tendency to sprout
In concentric circles, out).
Hippies, hangers-on and bums
Battle in the seething slums,
Ringed by rivers *eels* abjure,
They're so stinkingly impure.
Meanwhile, where the monied meet
On East Sixty-Something Street,
Matrons find it hard to bear
Breathing our polluted air.
That's why I've been seeing stars.
I'm with Agnew. On to Mars!

W. H. VON DREELE

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EXIT

The Long Road from China

ROBIN C. C. WU

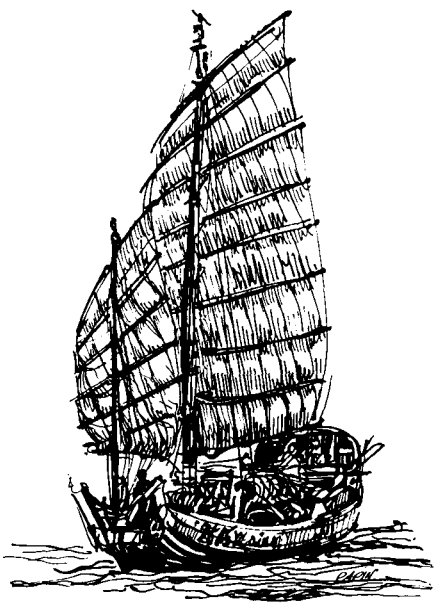
TWO DECADES have passed since mainland China was "liberated" and subsequently closed its doors to the world. The government has changed; the language altered; the whole fabric of an ancient culture has been shredded. The children of the revolution have grown up, presumably a new breed, yet something in them which has somehow managed to survive continues to ache, throbbing just beneath the surface. Many in the New China are disenchanted, the disillusioned in a land where all are encouraged to dispossess. For these there is really only one way short of suicide to say no, to beat the system. They must give up their homeland.

In general, one escapes from China in three ways—by foot, by boat or by swimming. But regardless of the method, one must first of all reach the jumping-off point in the province of Kwantung, to which in better times people traveled from the remotest parts of the nation to dine in its largest city, Canton. (It is said that a princely life consists in being born in Soochow, where the climate produces China's handsomest people; in dining in Canton, because of the richness of its soil and its proximity to the sea; in having one's raiment made in Hongchow, where the silk is unmatched in delicacy; and in dying in Lowchow, because its beautiful woods provide a durable resting place.) But Kwantung has changed, and it is now best known as the first stage in expatriation.

To reach the border of Kwantung, one first must secure a permit, of which there are two types, one indicating residence in the border area, the other allowing a temporary visit for a specific reason. These are purchased either from a less-than-dedicated local official or from a forger. The crossing from the border of Kwantung to the New Territories (that part of Hong Kong leased to the British in 1898 for 99 years) is extremely dangerous, and one must wait for the propitious moment, a moment which usually comes around five in the morning when even border guards succumb to the human frailty of dozing. The barbed wire is high, the dogs have been trained to maim and kill, and a dozing guard wakes easily. And it's cold at five in the morning, especially cold when one leaves one's own land forever.

Swimming is safer, but one must wait for warm weather, and the seasons in Kwantung are rather evenly divided. Still, more prefer to swim than to hike, for drowning is, if nothing else, a solitary thing, much preferable to having one's flesh ripped by killer dogs or having one's head blown in by a suddenly-awakened guard.

The swimmer usually depends upon two basketball bladders which, when blown up, are fitted under each arm, thus insuring that the head, at least, will stay above the water during immersion. Needless to say, escapes of this type are carried out at night, and usually in groups, the most important member being the one who knows the way. (He is paid well for this knowledge. The standard fee is HK $1,250, or a little over $200.) The distance in a straight line to the New Territories is about five miles, but the current is strong, and there are numerous patrol boats. It is not uncommon to remain in the water for twelve hours.



Boats still provide the most common means of escape, however, usually in wintertime, when the nights are cold and long. The last eight nights of the lunar calendar month, when the moon visits the other side of the earth and the current flows away from home toward freedom, are especially favorable. The craft is usually a small fishing-boat, and all escapees are expected to help row it down the Pearl River and toward the open sea, where a small sail can be raised. Two crucial points must be passed. One is the Tiger Gate, scene of the Opium War, the other is Tai Shan. Both are heavily fortified naval bases, and the shore batteries enjoy taking target practice. If the boat makes it past these installations, it is relatively safe, although it must be careful of other fishing-boats, for these are often manned by armed militia, who also enjoy opportunities for target practice. There is no specifically safe anchorage in the New Territories. Luck, circumstance and nature dictate the landing place. The trip from the Pearl takes between ten to sixteen hours. But it should never take more, for once dawn breaks discovery is inevitable. And discovery can be synonymous with death.

THIS HAS BEEN a general description, and as such has simplified and often not mentioned complex details. And, of course, one finds words not quite adequate to describe the condition of the souls and spirits of the people involved. For not only are the undertakings dangerous; they represent a spiritual uprooting, a renunciation which although necessary can be shattering. No one expects paradise on the other side, of course, and it is common knowledge in the Chinese expatriate communities that some who have made it across later return.

But, at any rate, for whatever the reasons—perhaps a sudden saturation point in Mao-content, when the anti-hero demands hero-worship, or perhaps a sickness of soul at the wholesale destruction of a deeply revered way of life —Chinese continue to leave, if not always in the hope of making a better living, then surely in rebellion against the silent and soul-destroying frustration of a silent and regimented existence. □

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

HOW I BECAME SAD AT LA CARAVELLE

In the Manhattan world of snob dining, La Caravelle, 33 West 55th Street, is spoken of with particular reverence. There, the cognoscenti say, is about the finest restaurant this side of Paris, with food out of this world and service that is the most stylish in New York. All this is due to the professional expertise of the owners, Fred Decre and Robert Meyzen, who sprang from the finishing school for New York restaurateurs that the late, finicky Henri Soulé ran at his Pavillon. The chef, Roger Fessaguet, is said to be as dedicated to his métier as the angels are to praising the Highest. The restaurant itself is pretty elegant, though the tables are far too close to each other for comfort. There are sunny murals that come off, unlike 99 per cent of all restaurant murals. La Caravelle consists of a narrow status corridor where the true nobs dine, and a large, though not excessively so, back room for the general populace who can afford the prices. This room is very noisy, and if you have lively neighbors, you can barely hear yourself talk. There are flowers on the tables, not lavish bouquets, but still, fresh flowers.

I had eaten lunch at La Caravelle before, and had been pleased with the food and service. Little did I know that my pleasure was due entirely to the status enjoyed by my host, my darling publisher Alfred Knopf Jr. Thus when friends wanted to treat my husband and me to a smashing dinner, I chose La Caravelle. *Ha!*

From where we sat, in the noisy big room, we could see a heart-warming sight at one of the tables in the status corridor. A gentleman, well along into his sunset years, was hand-feeding his little birdie, forkful after forkful. As she dimpled at such tender, loving care, her little beakie opened and shut with steel-trap precision. The gentleman also signed a check, no doubt for the bill.

It was well that we were being entertained because it took quite some time until someone came to take our drink order. Usually a captain takes care of this sort of thing, as well as of the orders and the general supervision of the service. There was a captain, and before I go on, dear reader, I must describe him to you. He was a curly-haired, rather swarthy youth, with the flashing smile of the Neapolitan street urchin and much charm and gay laughter. These he threw around like an elderly belle, but alas, not at us. We barely saw him in the first place, and when we did see him, he was busy practising for an adorable, pirouetting Commedia dell'-Arte role. Getting the orders right was quite a business, albeit a laughing one, on his part. We even managed to order the wine. Not easily, mind you, but still we did. And our hostess requested that our Bordeaux be opened right then and there, to have a little time to breathe before we would drink it.

Our soup was Billi Bi, a creamy mixture of mussels, white wine and herbs. It was excellent, and interestingly, it is better chilled than hot—we had ordered both versions. But the drink glasses did not go when the soup came; though empty, they were unceremoniously left on the table. We called back to the waiter to take them away. He did, but he forgot one, and so we called him back again. Meantime, our hostess, with difficulty, had managed to catch our captain's attention, and she asked if the wine had been opened. He said yes and waltzed away. But the yes did not sound convincing, and finally she got hold of one of the owners, who like his partner was wandering like a lonely cloud around the restaurant. He did not seem to have any visible control over his waiters, who went on gossiping among themselves right in his presence. But he did go after our wine, and of course it had not been opened. Hurriedly, the captain brought the bottle which we had not seen previously, let our hostess take a quick peep and took it away again, opening it at the service table. On this table, a dish of fish and one of meat were quietly congealing waiting to be taken to whoever had ordered them. The capain then left the bottle on the serving table and disappeared. We did not see him again until dessert time.

Our main course had arrived. We had the daily special, beef with Sauce Périgourdine, which should be a delicious brown sauce richly endowed with truffles. The beef was rare, but mushy. The sauce was extremely ordinary, and the truffles well nigh invisible. With the meat came pureed broccoli, very good in taste. But the broccoli had been carelessly slopped on the plate, in gross quantities and partly over the meat. Unlike any deluxe restaurant I've ever been in, La Caravelle does not believe in serving from a dish, but brings your food on the plate, just like your friendly neighborhood diner. And just to keep that homey touch, the food was barely warm, and the plate had not been warmed at all.

All this time our wine was languishing on the service table. Finally, we persuaded a waiter to pour it for us. But neither cork nor bottle was left on the table, and the wine itself, a perfectly good chateau-bottled Bordeaux, though not a first cru, was very warm. The waiter said that this couldn't be helped since the cellar was warm, as he took the wine away with him. Nobody poured for the second time until we managed with some difficulty to catch another waiter's attention.

As we were eating, we were regaled with a remarkable salvage action, performed on the desserts. It was getting late, ten or so, and the tarts and cakes had been reduced to odds and ends, which a waiter combined in a kind of blue plate special, on one dish. Meantime, our captain was being adorable all over the place. Though not ever with us.

In trying to sell us these odds and ends, our captain called another, equally silly captain to bear him out that these

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From Technology, A Style

HUGH KENNER

The Architecture of the Well-Tempered Environment
By Reyner Banham
University of Chicago, $15

Should you need to design a skyscraper, Buckminster Fuller has explained (*Saturday Review*, July 13, 1968) how it's done. A skyscraper converts urban land into a profitable investment by stacking tenants in layers within the site's confines. The mortgaging bank will specify how many tenants, therefore how many layers. Next the layer-count yields the scale of the elevator services, also of the plumbing, heating, lighting and air-conditioning gadgetry. All these are designed by suppliers whose engineers you can ring up. They constitute the service stack, and without it (mind!) the building would be as pointless as an airframe without engines.

For if hydraulic engineers could not make toilets flush 102 floors aloft, if foul air could not be withdrawn from a thousand-foot monolith without winds sufficient to make paperwork impossible, no Empire State Building would have been worth contemplating. And immense machines that make the building workable, stacked on the acreage that will make it profitable, so dictate its structure as to leave the architect little more than a cosmetic function. He may, if he is a Stone or a Pei, impose on it for a fee his visual trademark, his mannered grillework or slabwork. Otherwise he is (says Fuller) "just an aesthetical, good-taste purchasing agent and ways-and-means detailer—who is practiced in finding and organizing the usable space amongst the columns, pipes and elevator stacks."

So it is wrong to go on discussing such architecture as though it were a branch of sculpture. A sculpted architecture of "forms assembled in light" (Le Corbusier's phrase) matured during several millennia of buildings' subservience to sunlight. The Parthenon, the Pantheon, the Cathedral of Chartres, were meant to be used by day and viewed by day. Office buildings, however, presume that the user must see his ledgers despite cloudy spells, despite shade in the northside cubicles, despite summer closing of blinds, despite the inverse-square diminishing of daylight as desks are pushed from windows. With their elaborate incandescent systems they are meant to be used by day but not by daylight, and the time to see them is after hours, preferably from aloft. The finest view to be had of San Francisco is from the helicopter to Marin County, at dusk: black velvet hills, shifting, aglow with gridded squares.

"Squares after squares of flame," marveled the young Ezra Pound of Manhattan, 1910, "set and cut into the ether. Here is our poetry, for we have pulled down the stars to our will."

SIXTY YEARS LATER we may note that it happened by accident. The architects, groping for daylit impressiveness, were even then setting up huge anonymous façades. But the buildings are quite splendid when their tenants have left and the scrub ladies turn all the lights on.

This lapse between intention and result is representative of Mr. Banham's theme. The history of modern architecture depends not on masses, grilles, curlicues, but on a sequence of technological innovations such as electric lighting. But whereas our big buildings are primarily machines, architects haven't wanted to think of what this fact implies, and architectural historians haven't had the wit to help them.

Machines for managing environment present very curious problems. Heated, they contain a tall thermal column ready to suck in any cool air available at its base, slamming doors and whisking papers. Obviously traffic must enter through street doors; yet somehow those doors must always remain closed. The device that resolved these contradictory requirements received the John Scott Medal of the Franklin Institute in 1889. In the decades before sealed buildings could be air conditioned, it made skyscrapers workable. No textbook mentions its developer. It is known as the revolving door.

Or, remembering that heat is measured in watts, consider the effect of turning on thousands of hundred-watt bulbs. "The heat output of enough incandescents to give a tolerable level of illumination for paperwork would have been more than any ventilating system could economically have swept out." Only toward the end of the 1940s was this solved, by the heatless fluorescent tube. After its advent, light and air for the center of the block no longer had to come from a deep notch at the rear of the building. Here the very ground-plan turns on a bit of technology.

These are mere glimpses into a continuous argument. Mr. Banham's book is impossible to summarize; it needs to be read. And no reader will escape its implication that since modern commercial buildings are only feasible as envelopes for a technological conflux (imagine, for instance, a skyscraper without telephones), it is foolish to think of the technologies as so many "services" piped into and through a structure shaped by sheer "taste."

Yet so great a historian as the late Siegfried Giedion erred in this fashion. His *Space, Time and Architecture* showed how new buildings shape a new sensibility. His *Mechanization Takes Command* discussed the impact of machines on the human sensorium. Yet he never considered how the machines (ugh) made possible the buildings (ah!). A craft-oriented European, he saw machines as so many assaults on old ways of being and doing, not as components

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in a new integration. Thus the two books barely touch on one another, and neither one discusses such obvious topics as electric lighting.

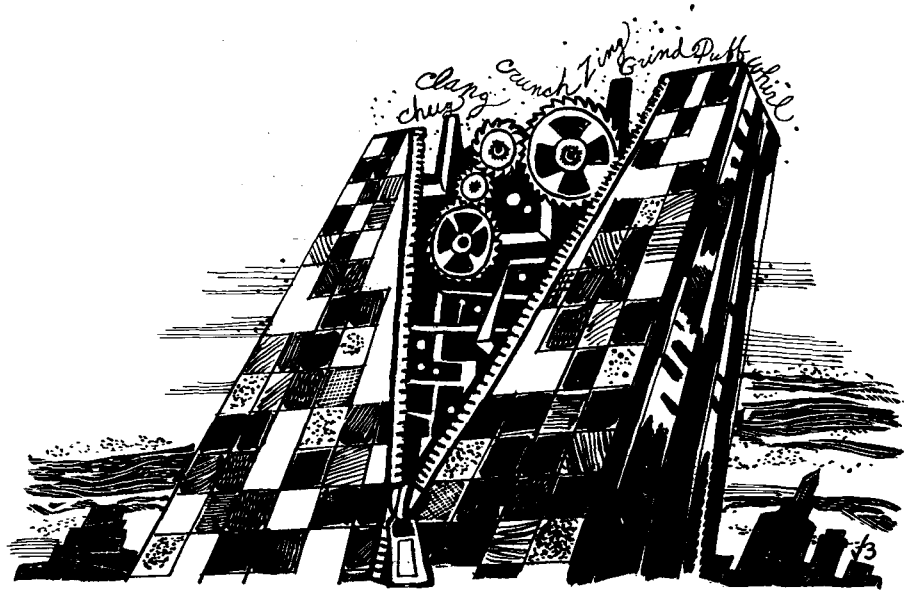
IT IS ESPECIALLY IRONIC that Frank Lloyd Wright, one of Giedion's architectural heroes, was a master of environmental control as far back as the turn of the century, and that this fact has escaped not only Giedion but all other appraisers of Wright's genius. Partly, buildings get judged from pictures and drawings, as visual rhetorics, not as mechanisms. Partly, technology is judged to be absent when no whirring machines are visible. But technology is primarily ordered knowledge. A soda straw is as much a machine as an air-pump. And Wright designed a host of invisible machines.

The great corner columns of his famous 1906 Larkin Building weren't essays in Egyptian monumentality, they were air intakes for a ventilating system elaborately designed to exclude the smoke of adjacent trains. The long eaves of his 1910 Robie house weren't just expressions of the prairie skyline but precisely calculated summer sunshades, and the oaken grilles inside it weren't just abstract filters for a dappled light, but opportunities for entering winter air to acquire useful heat from the lamps.

Yet Wright goes down in standard histories as a tyrannical romantic whose clients, as the price of a status symbol, were forced to camp in magnificent sculptural gestures conceived without a thought for human comfort.

Such things could more justly be said about the Bauhaus. Unlike Wright, the European Modernists inherited "years of indoctrination since Ruskin" which "had made technology a problem, not an opportunity." Technology was here, people had better learn to live with it, and buildings the folk called "cold," "hard," "empty-looking," were that way for the folk's own good, since the folk wouldn't be happy till they had discarded their prejudices. Yet the deficiencies of the European Moderne were, precisely, technological: lights glared, walls rang with sound, sheet glass made summer ovens. Trying to evolve from technology a style, not a service, Gropius, Breuer, Le Corbusier evolved the aseptic monumentality ultimately mastered, with severe Cartesian casualness, by Mies van der Rohe, a just taste for whose work entails neo-classical delicacies of discrimination.

Neo-classical, that's the note to end on, though it has nothing to do with classical architecture. Like *literary* neo-classicism, like the verse of Pope, it surrounds us with what seems an anonymous authority, which if we are hep we will appraise very knowingly for the slight stylistic lapses that signify a less than total control. (Thus Chicago wits call Skidmore, Owings and Merrill "the Three Blind Mies.") This is an age's austere achievement. Like Pope's couplet, or like the Boeing 707 (nearly indistinguishable from the Douglas DC-8), it's the simultaneous solution to requirements so numerous that the design is nearly devoid of options. In such rare cultural stases appreciation can only stem from knowledge: such knowledge as Pope ventured to codify in the *Essay on Criticism*, or as Mr. Banham, trying to catch up on a half-century of historians' somnolence, commences to adumbrate in his indispensable book. □



The Kingdom and the Power
By Gay Talese *World, $10*

PRINTED TO FIT

C. H. SIMONDS

You can see them Sunday mornings on the Upper East Side, in the Village, in Brooklyn Heights, chicly dressed but sleepy-eyed, hastening to the newsstand where waits, in towering piles, the Sunday *New York Times*. Home it goes, a five-pound slab of newsprint that by dusk has dissolved into a wall-to-wall strew in the livingroom, leaked into the bathroom, gotten mixed in with the rumpled bedclothes, leaving its readers glassy of eye, sour of stomach, hung over, listless with an almost post-coital *tristesse*. The day is gone. They might have fixed the faucet, played some tennis, flown a kite with the children; instead they have read the Sunday *Times*.

THEY SEEM TO HAVE derived little pleasure from the act. It is a duty—a religious duty, Gay Talese would jump to say: The daily *Times* is prayers, the Sunday edition is Mass (sheer mass). Talese is fond of metaphor-stretching—beginning with the title, his book is peppered with facile religious allusions: the *Times* is ruled by "Ochsian fundamentalism"; Ochs' relations and descendants are bound to "an orthodoxy stronger than their religion"; he himself, after death, can "live long in the liturgy"; even the copyreaders on the foreign desk are "supplicants at the altar of the wire-god"—but, in fact, reverence is the only word for what the *Times* evokes. Put the *Times* reader at a houseparty weekend in thither Vermont, or transfer him to the Omaha branch, and he will fret. He misses those eight drab columns with their constipated headlines, the magisterially self-assured editorials, the agate listings of arriving and departing ships, visible satellites, out-of-town buyers, debutantes, English football results. "You don't have to read it all," the paper's promotion department assures us, "but it's nice to know it's all there." How nice? Is the absent reader fretful in part because amid his loss he feels a teensy bit relieved?

There are, after all, other newspapers, many of which offer as much hard news as the *Times*, many of which are far more readable, a few of which are even more infuriating. But there is Only One

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New York Times, one revered newspaper, one Institution.

It is as an institution that Talese examines the *Times*, but he stops regrettably short. He has written, he tells us, "a human story of an institution in transition . . . a factual story of several generations of *Times*men and the interplay within [among?] those generations, the internal scenes and confrontations and adjustments that are part of the vitality and growth of any enduring institution." Fine as far as it goes, but there is too little consideration of the sources, extent and effects of the *Times*' considerable power; too many scenes and confrontations, too much novelistic scene-setting and picture-painting. For example, what useful insight do we gain from Talese's meticulous report that at a daily editorial conference in Clifton Daniel's office, the woman's news editor, Charlotte Curtis, "sat next to [Daniel] on his left, tucking one of her legs up under her right buttock and letting a high-heeled shoe dangle from her tiny toes under the table"? Is this, uh, relevant? Only if the up-under-tucked leg is the lady's right one, in which case Miss Curtis is quite a gal. The book is clotted with such minutiae: we learn that the *Times*' radio station, WQXR, played little Mozart because Arthur Hays Sulzberger disliked the composer; that on meeting Margaret Truman, his future wife, Clifton Daniel looked down her plunging neckline and was (quiver) "impressed with what he saw"; that Craig Claiborne, the food editor, has a mother problem. Such gobbets of information are mildly interesting in a ladies'-magazine way, but when troweled on, to the extent that Talese trowels them on, they get in the way.

OF WHAT? Well, of the Big Drama, which, one gathers, is the "depersonalization" of the *Times* between the early 1950s and today; the process by which the one-man rule of Adolph Ochs and then his son-in-law, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, was supplanted by a regime of bankerish executives. As it affected the newsgathering operations of the *Times*, that process was marked by the consolidation of power in the hands of Turner Catledge, culminating in the clipping of the wings of the hitherto independent Washington bureau, the sacking of Tom Wicker, the coming from Washington to New York of Reston the Conciliator. There are sideshows: the rise, stumble and further rise of A. M. Rosenthal; the bypassing of Clifton Daniel who wished to be Executive Editor; the strange machinations of Harrison Salisbury.

SUCH A CHRONICLE of executive maneuvering might be interesting; in Talese's hands it is tiresome for two reasons. First, there is the *Times*' pace: There are no lightning coups at the *Times*, everything moves with the speed of erosion; it may take a decade to ease a man upstairs, or downstairs, or over to an obscure desk behind a post. Second, there is Talese's pace; more precisely, his inability to follow the main line of the story and dovetail in the background, asides and subplots so that they support instead of obscure. For example, at the beginning of Chapter One it is 3:40 P.M. of a summer's day in 1966, and we meet Clifton Daniel relaxing before the 4 P.M. editorial conference. One hundred and thirty-odd pages later, it is a few seconds shy of 4 P.M. and the meeting is about to begin. In the intervening twenty minutes, we have skipped around meeting Daniel, Mrs. Daniel, Daniel's father, his secretary, Reston, Wicker, a platoon of Ochses and Sulzbergers, Daniel's four predecessors in the Managing Editor's chair, half the newsroom and the mounted traffic cop at 43rd and Broadway. We have peeked into dozens of offices, and we have skipped around in time, too, for well over a century, since the first Ochs landed on American soil (though the early history of the *Times*, from its founding in 1851 to Ochs' takeover in 1896, is left for later). Every so often we nip back to Daniel's office lest we forget that eventually there is going to be a conference; every so often, too, we are fed a little teaser about the "great organizational shift of the mid-Sixties" that, presumably, the book is about. At last, the meeting; as in a Beckett play, nothing much happens; then we move on through the rest of the book, still hopscotching in time and space, through more offices, past more editors, reporters, wives, children, ancestors. Quite plainly, Talese is under the influence of Truman Capote's "nonfiction novel" and the highly personal reportage of Norman Mailer; quite sadly, he is not up to their level. The stream of consciousness is muddied. The juxtaposition of events does little to enlighten, much to confuse.

Talese is under another influence as well: that of the writers of what he himself calls "bad novels about big business." His book has heroes and villains; chosen capriciously. To judge from his

RANDOM NOTES

■ POLITICIANS: Two major books on Richard Nixon are forthcoming. Garry Wills' *Nixon Agonistes: The Forgotten America* is a deep study of the 1968 campaign, and of Nixon himself as a representative of the America that refuses to go away (Houghton, spring, $10). *Man Alone* is Ralph de Toledano's second Nixon biography, the subject having come a long way since 1956 (Funk & Wagnalls, fall, $6.95). . . . In *A Political Life*, Bobby Kennedyite Jack Newfield sees John V. Lindsay as "the last Puritan" in American politics. Does that mean no more Lindsays? (Knopf, September, $6.95). Lindsay's own apologia, *The City*, is due in October (Norton, $4.95). Lately Thomas' *The Mayor Who Mastered the City* is not about JVL, but about William Jay Gaynor, who romped around City Hall at the turn of the century (Morrow, October).

■ NEW FICTION: Saul Bellow's latest novel, *The Future of the Moon*, is an odd thing about life on our planet and others in the last days of mankind (Viking, September, $3.95). . . . Françoise Sagan, call your office! A sixteen-year-old French girl, Catherine Breillat, has written *A Man for the Asking*; when it was published in Europe last year, *Der Stern* called it "the most indecent book of the year." Of course, the competition's tougher over here (Morrow, September, $3.95). . . . Romanna Clef, call yours! Norman Garbo's *The Movement* concerns a student revolt at a big university which winds up with an attack by troops, tanks and planes (Morrow, September, $6.95); in *Trespass*, by Washington newsman Fletcher Knebel, black militants go around seizing white people's very homes (Doubleday, October, $5.95).

Two sequels: I. B. Singer's *The Estate* (to *The Manor*) (Farrar, October), and Chaim Potok's *The Promise* (to *The Chosen*) (Knopf, September, $6.95). . . . There's a new O'Hara, *Lovey Childs* (Random, November) and a new A. J. Cronin, *A Pocketful of Rye* (Little, October, $5.95). . . . James T. Farrell is still at it; *Childhood Is Not Forever* contains sixteen new stories. (Doubleday, September, $5.95). . . . Somebody found *Seventeen Lost Stories* that Somerset Maugham wrote in the years 1898-1908 (Doubleday, September, $4.95); Robin Maugham's new novel, *The Link*, is a "Victorian mystery" set in Mexico and Australia, and based on the once-celebrated case of the Tichbourne claimant (McGraw Hill, September, $6.95).

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portraits of Daniel and Salisbury, they are the modern-day equivalents of Chateaubriand's Fouché and Talleyrand, "crime leaning on the arm of vice." Salisbury, for instance, "sucks Life Savers, clicking and cracking them against his teeth as he sits behind his desk in the *Times*' newsroom reading Soviet journals, or jotting tiny notes in his little black book, or looking with a glazed stare out across the rows and rows of heads bent over typewriters." A good description, perhaps; chilling, certainly—but a novelist's trick. For purposes of understanding what the *Times* is about and what happened there in the recent past, it is sufficient to know what Salisbury *did*.

Occasionally Talese tiptoes up to the questions about the *Times* that need to be answered; always, he hiccups and runs away. *Why* is the *Times* important, respected, revered? Because it is "necessary proof of the world's existence, a barometer of its pressure, an assessor of its sanity." That won't do. Why is the *Times* powerful? Because it is close to the Establishment: "The two forces [are] both committed to essentially the same goals, the preservation of the democratic system and the established order." This too-hasty identification of the *Times* with the Establishment leads Talese to strain, as when he lays the internal conflicts in the two institutions to the deaths, within months of each other, of John Kennedy and the *Times*' publisher, Orvil Dryfoos. And for all that the *Times* had Lyndon Johnson to lunch at a table decorated with red, white and blue carnations "set in transparent glass bowls so that the Secret Service men could be certain that they were bomb-free," one wonders what LBJ would make of Talese's charges of hand-in-gloveism.

TALESE WOULD LIKE the *Times* to be more "involved," less detached—and he sees in the changes of the past few years some signs of hope. He endorses Reston's view that in the age of television newspapers must go beyond reporting brute facts, to interpret them, place them in context, fill in the background. Indeed, now that Reston is Executive Editor, more and more stories in the news columns are slugged "News Analysis." Analysis is fine, as long as the health-warning is displayed in large type. But already for years, since World War I, critics of the *Times* have complained that its reporters interpret the news in their writing, through selection of detail and the delicate use of emphasis. Conservatives have found the inherent bias liberal; liberals (like Talese) have found it Establishmentarian, not quite liberal enough. Considering the record of the past decade, as Talese recalls it for us—Matthews in Cuba, Salisbury in North Vietnam, Halberstam in South Vietnam—the conservatives seem just now to have the better case. The "interpretation" and "livelier writing" for which Catledge, and Reston after him, have campaigned could open the floodgates to even more ideologizing in the straight-news columns, as well as more impressionistic, subjective pop-reportage of the school that numbers Talese among its leading exponents. □

Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?
By Aloise B. Heath
Arlington House, $6

THE INIMITABLE ALOISE

CORINNA MARSH

Readers of NATIONAL REVIEW will be glad to know that Aloise Buckley Heath's delectations have been collected in a book aptly if, to the uninitiated, mystifyingly entitled *Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?* It is a pleasure to report that here, as heretofore, her delicately spiked wit falls on the wilderness of today's wise-crackery like manna from heaven.

She apparently honed and polished everything she wrote until its perfection sparkled. But most of her ideas were jewels to begin with, jewels of observation on life's incongruities, on the fun she had as a Buckley, on her joy as the wife of a Heath and as the wise and warm and uniquely understanding mother of their ten children. Her "Baby in the Bathroom" is a treasure as are all the tales about her children, especially the wondrously funny Christmas adventures with the Heaths. That she had to die in mid-flower, a tragedy to her family, is desolation also to many who, like this reviewer, knew her and loved her only through what she wrote.

I must, at this point, like Mr. Nixon, make one thing absolutely clear. This assessment is approbation from Lady Hubert, for it comes from one who disagrees antipodally with the Buckley ideology. But although Mrs. Heath was indeed a Buckley (to their banner born), she wrote mostly about human rather than starkly political concerns.

But back to *Mrs. Major*. The pro-Goldwater story from which the book's title was taken is so hilarious that even the most ardent anti-Goldwaterite would have to laugh with it. It is this disarming quality in Mrs. Heath that endears her, even when she is ideological, to those who object to being bludgeoned by writers preoccupied with global affairs.

One of her most admirable characteristics is that she never feels sorry for herself. Another is that she can see flaws as well as virtues in those she defends as well as in those she condemns. For example, she can admit that "Buckleys tolerate disparagement of Buckleys only from Buckleys." And when she is proclaiming the party line (the Conservative Party line, natch), she passes sentence on assorted liberals with such gentle satire that one would almost think she finds them rather lovable. Indeed, I am told that she brought up her own obviously normal and happy children on the precepts of (sh!) Dr. Spock and came only later to object, and amusingly at that, to his "vertical enrichment." As for Adlai Stevenson, whom she dutifully lampoons a bit, I can pay her no higher tribute than to point out that her wit is of exactly the same genre as his.

But back again to *Mrs. Major*. (It's that kind of book, full of parentheses and relevant irrelevancies.) It seems that in the 1964 Presidential election, Mrs. Major, a neighbor of the Heaths, was planning to vote for Johnson, and one of the Heath children wanted to know from his mother whether the wicked woman would therefore go to hell. What happened then makes the zany story you guffawed over when it appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW, and you will guffaw over it again when you read it here.

THERE ARE SOME POIGNANTLY sad stories here too: the vignette about "Mademoiselle," who died; "The Day Maureen Was Born"; and, because it is, unbearably, the last of her wonderful Christmas stories, "A Heath Christmas Carol Program." But even this memento is as bright and bonny and good and gay as, tongue in cheek, she avers her children are not. This is where we hear them mischievously singing about Round

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John Virgin who, they inform their mother, was one of the twelve opossums.

Then there is the time she and her sister, stuck in an elevator in Paris, cry "To the help!" and "The ascendor does not march!" There is the marvelous story about what books not to give to whom as gifts, the equally marvelous stories of how (if a conservative) not to raise money for Smith College, how to master the new math, and how, when you have ten children, to cope with the carpools, not to mention life in general.

I CAN TELL YOU what I know about the author just from reading her stories. For one thing, in seeming to Tell All, she manages to remain entirely self-effacing. She writes about those dearest to her with abiding love but without an iota of sentimentality. Educated readers can rejoice in her respect for their intelligence. She never explains a subtlety nor does she put patronizing quotation marks around quotations she expects you to recognize as such. She must indeed have been that perfect woman nobly planned whose image she holds so wittily up to nature.

The book as it now appears is not, however, entirely without defects. In the first two chapters, delightful as some of the anecdotes in them are, the editors assume that the reader will be apant to devour every treasured remark ever made by Mother and especially Father Buckley as well as their growing young. But, honestly, there *are* people, *not* addictive Buckley fans, who just might yawn and say "So what?" Also, it is not always clear who wrote what or how much editing was done or by whom. In one example of stuffiness the publishers are suspect simply because I am sure no Buckley would do such a thing to another Buckley. As I remember "A Trapp Family Christmas" when it appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW, it began this way: "One of the reasons —I say one of the reasons because I could easily think of another if I put my mind to it—that I kept on having babies for years . . ." That is also exactly the way it appears in Priscilla and William Jr.'s Introduction (which, by the way, is heartbreakingly beautiful). In the book, however, it goes this way: "One of the reasons—I say one of the reasons because I could think of *several* others if I put my mind to it—that I kept on having babies . . ." A small editorial prissiness, perhaps, but one that could drive a sensitive author to mayhem.

There are other editorial *faux pas* here and there, and the mechanical make-up of the book is penny-pinching. The paper and binding are cheaper than they should be. The dustjacket is —shall we say *outré*? And do you think the author would have approved of those nepotistic genealogies on both sets of end-papers? I don't.

But these are all flaws that merely point up, by contrast, the delectability of the author's charm and wit and wisdom and womanly warmth. I should like to end with a couplet I wrote to her after the appearance, in NATIONAL REVIEW, of her absolutely side-splitting "The French Have a Word for It":

Joyeuse I crown with bay and rosy wreath
The *bel esprit* of Aloise B. Heath. □

ART

RETURN TO AN OLDER AMERICA

RUTH BERENSON

The 1968-69 season may well go down as the year when American art lovers rediscovered the art of their beginnings as a nation—the art of a still rural America which dreamed of carving a new civilization out of the yet untamed wilderness, far from the mouldering cities of a decadent Europe. The long-ignored paintings of the first half of the nineteenth century have been gathering dust in museum storerooms and country attics since the 1880s, when a more cosmopolitan generation dismissed the art of their fathers and grandfathers as hopelessly literal, sentimental and academic. Now, however, it is suddenly booming.

Galleries specializing in nineteenth-century American painting are popping up all over Madison Avenue, and the pages of *Art News* are filled with sales notices of relatively unknown artists of the period, whose prices now parallel the cost of the advertisements. Parke-Bernet, for instance, illustrates an important auction announcement with an Albert Bierstadt, the German-born painter who, in the 1860s, rendered the grandeurs of Yosemite and Yellowstone in the slick accomplished techniques he had learned in Dusseldorf; his prices, like those of his contemporaries, are sky-rocketing. But it is not just the

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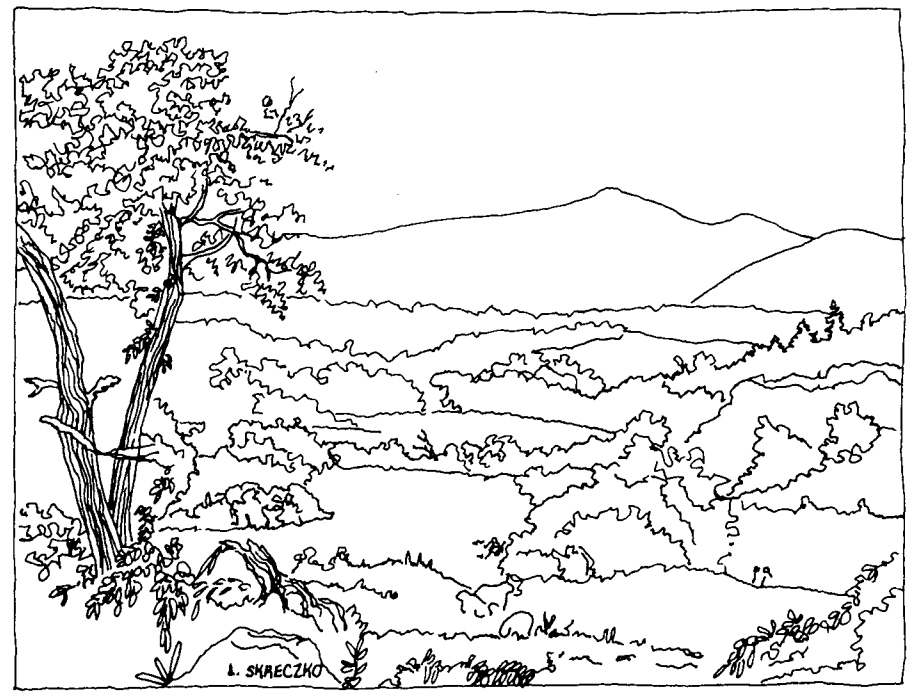
prices: when a prestigious gallery like Wildenstein, whose velvet walls are commonly hung with Cézannes, Renoirs and Rembrandts, plays host to a benefit show of the cowboy artists Frederic Remington and Charles M. Russell one can be sure American nineteenth-century art has arrived.

IT WAS SOMEHOW FITTING that the trend should be inaugurated with last year's unveiling of the Smithsonian's long invisible National Collection of Fine Arts, now appropriately housed in that remodeled Greek Revival masterpiece, the Old Patent Office. The pictures, amassed over the years by proud Victorian millionaires who felt it their duty—then as now—to foster American art, range from colonial to modern times with nineteenth-century works comprising the largest group. Sober portraits of statesmen and traders, Indian chiefs and apple-cheeked bootblacks, proud sailing ships and creaky Conestoga wagons, buffaloes, cowboys, farmers, small-town gossips and society beauties—all are on view. The collection is a must for Washington visitors, if only for the eighteen tiny canvases by the turn-of-the-century recluse, Albert Pinkham Ryder (1847-1917), whose newly-cleaned renderings of themes like *Jonah* and *The Flying Dutchman* are permeated with a rhythmic sense of design and an inner luminescence which are unique in American art.

Three shows which toured the country over the past year—William Sidney Mount (1807-68), John F. Kensett (1816-72) and Thomas Cole (1801-48)—were symptomatic of this heightened interest in American art. (The Coles will be at New York's Whitney Museum until September 1; the others have unfortunately closed.) Mount, our first genre painter, came from Long Island and was practically self-taught. Roving the countryside in a portable studio of his own invention, his pictures of rural life in the years before the Civil War are lively and full of charm. Cole was the founder, and Kensett a member, of our first group of landscape painters, the Hudson River School.

For years the mere mention of these artists called up images of ponderously detailed topographies, heavily gold-framed, of natural wonders like the Grand Canyon or Niagara Falls. Cole, however, painted his beloved Catskills with the same poetry and feeling for



nature with which his friends, Washington Irving and William Cullen Bryant, described them. Even the moralizing allegories—*The Voyage of Life*, *The Course of Empire*—which he considered "higher art" than mere landscape, are somehow touching despite their obvious corn. Kensett, trained abroad, illumined his scenes of the White Mountains and the Rockies with a prophetic concern for light and atmosphere, and became the most popular painter of his day. When his pictures were auctioned in 1873 after his death, they brought a record $136,312. Only ten years later the bottom dropped out of his market—but now, a single painting by Kensett might bring the same sum.

THIS NINETEENTH-CENTURY revival seems, at least in retrospect, to have been inevitable. In part it is due to the fact that fewer and fewer so-called Old Masters are coming on the market, and those that do appear are available only to the best-heeled museums and collectors. At the same time, since the demand for art—any art—appears insatiable, dealers naturally try to satisfy it by elevating formerly unfashionable artists to Old Master status. Europe is experiencing the same phenomenon: a few years ago, the Barbizon masters—Rousseau, Daubigny, Millet—whose tender landscapes were considered the glory of French painting until their eclipse by Impressionism, once more became popular; and now, most surprising of all, those once-despised villains, Bouguereau, Cabanel and their fellow-academicians, are also in demand.

But the present American revival is much more than a dealer's maneuver. For one thing, these painters were good; even when, like Cole and Mount, they were practically self-taught, they were highly skilled craftsmen who rendered their subjects accurately, yet with a sense of the dramatic uniqueness of their subjects that transcended literal realism. Predictably, they were influenced by what was going on in European art. (Mount, who refused to go abroad, must have studied foreign engravings.) When they did cross the ocean, they worked hard to acquire the refinements of technique and composition which seemed second nature to their European confreres.

Yet—and perhaps this is one reason for their present appeal—they remained staunchly American. Just as the expatriate Benjamin West, who left the colonies before the Revolution and stayed on in London to succeed Sir Joshua Reynolds as president of the Royal Academy, said that the famous *Apollo Belvedere* reminded him of a Pennsylvania Indian, so Cole and Kensett, both of whom traveled abroad and were well aware of the crosscurrents of European art in the 1830s and 1840s, did their best work at home. Though both viewed nature romantically and believed that its contemplation elevated man's soul and made him closer to God, Cole's Catskill landscapes are more elemental,

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less contrived than the Alpine crags of his German counterpart, Josef Anton Koch, for the latter came from a long tradition of Baroque landscape painting which Cole never assimilated.

Critics of the 1960s find in the art of Mount, Cole and the other American artists of the period painterly qualities which perhaps were lost on their contemporaries. Yet there is something more which accounts for their appeal to today's viewers. The fact is that these painters are easily understood. They were not out to mystify and baffle; they spoke in a language which was familiar to everybody. Even Ryder, a mystic to whom the world of the imagination was more palpable than the daily life around him, communicated his private, personal visions in symbols which were part of everyone's cultural heritage. Perhaps the fact that they are understandable explains why they are becoming so attractive today. Both here and in Europe, recent art has deliberately created a barrier of unintelligibility between itself and the public, either disguising its meanings or, in the case of abstract art, forcing the spectator to limit his appreciation to purely visual, non-associative elements.

While the art of the last century was meant for everybody, the art of today thinks of itself as an art for the elite. It would not be surprising if, finally, even these precious few are tiring of abstraction, especially in its latest, most radical form, "Minimalism," in which the visual elements are reduced and simplified nearly to the point of nonexistence. Usually enormous in size, these Minimalist canvases, decorated with a single stripe of color, can be taken in at a glance. The contrast with nineteenth-century pictures, particularly those of the Hudson River School, could not be greater. Though their dimensions often rival those of the Minimalists, these panoramas, portraying the wonders of the American wilderness with painstaking, photographic accuracy, are composed of thousands of details piled one upon the other. No matter how long he looks, the patient observer is constantly rewarded by finding something new to marvel at.

Moreover, the vanished America which these pictures reproduce has a special charm in the dissolute, disturbed angry America of the 1960s. They seem emblematic of a happier time of simpler joys and pleasures, a time when poets and artists did not hesitate to extol the sturdy republican virtues of a proud, independent people intent on building a new civilization in a new land. One wonders whether their present popularity may not be one more unforeseen facet of that swing to conservatism which so many observers, who yesterday declared it obsolete, now begin to discern. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE LOSERS, *by Paul D. Bethel (Arlington House, $10)*. When Fidel Castro and his *barbudos* set up shop in Havana January 1, 1959, he hoisted the gates and out surged a flood of books about how it—and the shabby prelude and postlude happened. Paul Bethel's big book is the latest, and perhaps the best. Bethel leaves no doubt that Castro got his job through Herbert Matthews and others, who had, and have, heavy emotional investments in Castro's brand of anticapitalism. He painstakingly picks through the pieces of the Bay of Pigs and the missile crisis, showing that John Kennedy flubbed the former through a failure of will and flubbed the latter—wherein the U.S. guaranteed the perpetuation of Communism in Cuba—through a lack of smarts. Sad to say, however, it was propaganda as usual in the American press, and each flub brought JFK more popularity. Bethel has loaded his book with documentation, especially about the effectiveness of Cuban-based Communist operations in the Western Hemisphere—and notably in the American Negro movement. Who are the losers? The sour-pusses of free society, those unable to achieve the status or power to which they think their intellectual gifts entitle them—in short, the pro-Communist apologists who make people such as Castro possible. And you and I.

R. MACKENZIE

C. S. LEWIS: A CRITICAL ESSAY, *by Peter Kreeft (Eerdmans, 95¢)*. This is one of the 48-page pamphlets in Professor Roderick Jellema's series on Contemporary Writers in Christian Perspective. To say it is unsuccessful would be wrong: Professor Kreeft does in fact have some valuable things to say and the job of compressing even an introduction to Lewis' Christianity into 48 pages is a modern labor of Hercules. On the other hand, to say that the pamphlet is successful would be tendentious: apart from minor errors of fact, there are three major difficulties Professor Kreeft seems to go out of his way to invite. One is that he insists on comparing Lewis to Kierkegaard, a subject of some interest for a full-length study, but perhaps a trifle out of place in a brief introduction to Lewis' thought—surely if a comparison with an historical figure had to be made, Dr. Johnson ("I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any man") would be more to the point. The second, much more important and much more annoying, is that Professor Kreeft is bent on determining whether Lewis was a conservative, an endeavor almost as useful as determining whether Sir Winston Churchill was a neo-Impressionist, and probably somewhat more misleading. The third, a lesser but certainly unnecessary difficulty, is Professor Kreeft's claim that the Narnian cosmos is "astonishingly underivative." To praise any of Lewis' fiction as "astonishingly underivative" is to play Humpty Dumpty's game of words, inasmuch as the single most pervasive characteristic of all his fiction is that it derived from the vision of those who have gone before, being the work of an omnivorous and retentive reader, whose Narnian books owe a yet uncounted debt to the imagination of J. R. R. Tolkien. Lest I end this on too carping a note, however, it should be said that Professor Kreeft has essayed an impossible task with good humor and no mean insight into the kernel of Lewis' theology, a fair eye for quotation, considerable bravery and, best of all, an obvious love for his subject.

J. C. LOBDELL

THE 21ST BALLOT: *A Political Party Struggle in Minnesota, by David Lebedoff (University of Minnesota Press, $5.95)*. Can any book accurately depicting the discomfiture of Minnesota's entire Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party, including sachems Humphrey, McCarthy and Mondale, be dull? Colorless, faithful Lt. Gov. Karl Rolvaag won the governorship in a 1962 election as close as Landslide Lyndon's 1948 Texas squeak-through. For the next four years, the Democratic braves chafed at chief Karl's well-intentioned but inept leadership, including his coquettishness about appointing himself or any younger warrior to Chief Running Mouth Humphrey's Senate seat after Great White Father elevated Humphrey in 1964. After twenty agonizing ballots, through which attorney Lebedoff nimbly guides us, the 1966 Party convention dumps Rolvaag and nominates virile, hungry, Kennedyesque (in looks) Lt. Gov. "Sandy" Keith. The bigwigs gurgle and coo—we love Sandy. Rolvaag broods, then does the unheard-of: challenges Keith in the primary, the "21st ballot." Minnesotans, politically maverick, love underdogs; Rolvaag plays that part—"Let the people decide"—as if he invented it. Karl wins—a hero *redivivus*. The party chieftains swallow hard and grin—we love Karl. But how far "under" is a *winning* underdog? In November's election, the Republicans unexpectedly scalp the Democrats. Lebedoff's first book is scrupulously researched, understated, fascinating—and a modern morality tale to boot. The moral: the tribe that dumps its chief loses the wigwam.

D. BRUDNOY

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BRENNAN

(cont. from p. 802)

called into immediate session and the leadership of the House and Senate consulted. Before the meeting was an hour old the American Civil Libertines' Union, made privy to the results of the survey by a disgruntled minor government official, had filed suit in Federal Court on behalf of the moon's inhabitants. The suit claimed that since the Supreme Court ruling that laws of residency do not apply to migrant indigents in search of welfare benefits, it was unconstitutional for the United States Government to deny the means of migrating to any citizen of the United States.

Judgment was swift and in favor of the moon people. One month later the Supreme Court, in the famous "Moon Monday" decision, ordered the United States Government to construct giant space vehicles and bring the moon's inhabitants to Earth. This down-to-earth decision was widely applauded.

Efforts were made to locate the tens of thousands of immigrants in Alaska and Nevada, but the moon people did not like the climatic extremes of these states and soon began to move in huge droves toward Florida and California although some, moonsick for the canyon depths of the lunar surface, headed for Manhattan Island where the skyscrapers simulated in some degree the topography of the earth's satellite.

The cost of the migration program eventually threatened to consume more than one-half the Gross National Product. This was forestalled by the famous "Bond Burning" day when patriotic Americans burned their government savings bonds and thus removed at least part of the enormous debt incurred by the space migration program. But worse was yet to come.

It soon developed that the Earth's stronger gravitational pull made it difficult for the moon people to engage in any kind of productive activity such as work. The welfare rolls soared and the children of the moon folk, although stronger than their parents, having tasted the benefits of welfare showed little inclination to prepare themselves for what they assumed would be a life of toil and drudgery. The famous Triple Integration Plan wherein each school contained one-third black, one-third white and one-third puce (the color of the moon children), resulted in the lowering of academic standards and near chaos in the urban educational structure. An effort by a California psychologist to examine the moon children and assess their potential and innate capabilities resulted in the first public stoning of a psychologist in seven years.

It is too early to predict what the ultimate outcome will be. Racial conflict between black and puce has clouded the issue. The blacks have demanded reparations from the moon people for having looked down upon them for so many centuries and the moon people resent the derogatory term "Looneys" by which the blacks address them.

The cities are torn with rioting and the tax burden has reached unimagined levels. As one highly placed, if anonymous, government official said in an off-the-record statement to no one in particular: "If we had known the trouble planting the flag on the moon was going to bring, we would have put a Russian one up there." History shows that the greatest opportunities can be missed because of narrowness of vision. □

RUSHER

(cont. from p. 804)

before his conversion to the New Left. (Abbie Hoffman, crabs and all, has an M.A. in political science, I am told.) But traces of a liberal education in the old sense, with all it implied concerning respect for logical techniques and the life of the mind, are vanishingly rare. The bulk of these "activists" are the lineal descendants of the redshirts and brownshirts who polluted the Weimar Republic, and most of the ones I have talked to were piercingly ordinary or just plain dumb. From drugs to draft-dodging, their behavior is suggestively congruent with what one would expect of a garden-variety sociopath.

Part of the explanation of the rise of the New Left, and particularly of its less intelligent representatives, undoubtedly lies in the vast increase in college enrollment figures in recent years. The American dream of education for all has curdled into a nightmare. Along with many young men and women capable of absorbing and benefiting by a higher education, and many others incapable of it only because of the paralyzing effects of the prevailing ethical relativism, the riptide has washed in a huge mass of more or less uneducable "students," a minor fraction of whom has no doubt always had the potential for witless violence and cheap rationalization but never before acquired the critical mass, or leadership, necessary to trigger it. (Monkey see, monkey do.)

Fortunately the vast majority of college students (able and otherwise), while all too eager to endorse a quasi-meritorious demand or even tease the dean a bit, basically couldn't care less about the nihilists of the New Left. As a national political movement, real or potential, they are more negligible still; you could probably fit all of them into the new Madison Square Garden without using the balcony. But what will become of them in the long run? There, I am afraid, may be the tragedy. In a few years, when the serious job-hunting starts in that age-group, the AB's in Swahili, with a minor in Rioting, may find that they could use a sense of humor after all. □

HAZELTON

(cont. from p. 807)

relics were truly marvelous. As for the coffee, the captain told us that we wanted American coffee. We did not, however, and a waiter brought us our *filtre*, which was tepid. Then he disappeared with the pot, to join the captain in some badinage at the serving table. We were not even asked if we wanted a second cup.

But at paying time, our captain was there all right. And here I shall forever admire our hostess, a lady of a full five feet two. She signed the check, gave a handsome tip and told the captain that she had not included him in the tip since she did not consider that he had given any service. His face *was* worth watching. The bill, for four, came to about $80, without tip. The wine was $18, not cheap, but not unreasonable. I must add that my husband went back to La Caravelle to search for a lost pair of glasses. The captain was all sweetness and light, and most helpful.

Would you not be sad at La Caravelle and wonder what class has come to? □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Thinking about the Soviet Union

On The Right

Vienna, July 25—My brother, Murray Kempton, the distinguished New York columnist, finds absolutely hilarious (indeed he laughed until he cried) a conversation reported in a forthcoming book on the Nixon campaign. That conversation was between two aides to Mr. Nixon, one of them Frank Shakespeare, who had served as a vice president of CBS, the other Leonard Garment, a law partner in Mr. Nixon's firm. The news had just come in that the Soviet Union had overrun Czechoslovakia and that Alexander Dubcek was reported to have been taken off to Moscow. Shakespeare, in discussing the crisis with Garment, insisted that the probability was that Dubcek had been taken off to be killed. Garment disagreed insisting that after all this is a different Russia from the Russia of yore. Shakespeare stuck by his guns.

Now the conversation as reproduced in the book is not to be understood as an exact transcription. I happen to know the two principals and they do not in fact talk to each other like Jane and Tarzan. Still, I reproduce the passage that Mr. Kempton has held up to us in horror:

Shakespeare: Oh, Len, the Russians don't work that way. If he's not dead already I'd be amazed. Those are Russians, don't forget. Communists. That's the trouble with this country. Everybody conceives them as humanitarians, like us. And it's simply not true. They're murderers.

GARMENT: Then you don't think we've made any progress towards coexistence in twenty years?

Shakespeare: No, and what's more I don't think any such thing is possible. You can't coexist with men who are trying to enslave you. All that's happened in twenty years is that Americans have allowed themselves to be deceived by leftist elements in the press.

"And do you know where Mr. Shakespeare is now?" Mr. Kempton rubs our eyes, incredulous. "Mr. Nixon was so taken with his sensitivity, his judgment, and his detachment that he appointed him director of the U.S. Information Agency. That's right, director of the U.S. Information Agency." And do you know where Mr. Kempton is now? Distributing advice apparently based on the axiom that Soviet Communism has greatly changed. One wishes he would come, say, to Vienna to make his case.

"Here in Vienna," says the ambassador, Mr. Douglas MacArthur II, "there are in the central square road signs that direct you to Budapest and to Prague. Perhaps that is why there is not a single Communist in the Austrian Parliament, and why after the Czechoslovakian repression, the pro-Communist vote in Austria is measured at less than 1 per cent."

TWO MONTHS AGO Mr. Anatole Shub, a liberal writing for the *Washington Post*, the most determinedly liberal newspaper in America this side of, say, the *Berkeley Barb*, wrote five extensive articles on what he called the re-Stalinization of Russia. He made the point that conditions inside Russia are worse than they have been since Stalin. That the KGB is once again everywhere. That the simplest freedoms tolerated under Khrushchev are disappearing. Mr. Shub was kicked out of the Soviet Union.

We learn in Vienna that the Voice of America has difficulty in getting through to the Russians who live in the major cities—those who listened so avidly to it after the jamming ceased in the last years of Khrushchev. Because, after the repression of Czechoslovakia, the jamming was resumed and, a few weeks ago, was intensified, reaching the highest level of intensity, according to newspaper reports, since Stalin.

Dubcek is not dead. He wasn't killed, as Imre Nagy was killed by Khrushchev. But it isn't known what they did to him in Moscow during the days that he was held there incommunicado. It is speculated that he was saved only by the valiant public visit to Moscow by President Svoboda. It is not a speculation but a fact that he is a broken man replaced by a Stalinist hack.

How strange that Frank Borman, visiting the Soviet Union, should think to place a wreath on the tomb of Lenin, who began it all, and in whose memory the Communists constantly rededicate themselves to tyranny, banking above all on the invincible innocence of so many Westerners.

About Mr. Kempton alas, it must be said that, in twenty years, neither has he changed. □

BACK TO THE THRONE

London, July 27—One gets the impression, sometimes, that the English do not think of any monarchy other than their own as entirely right, and of course the longevity of the British monarch, who enjoys great serenity except on those infrequent occasions when he is beheaded, gives the British grounds for self-satisfaction. The ceremony in Madrid the other day did not satisfy British observers one bit, most definitely dissatisfied the Spanish Pretender, and apparently left the Spanish public altogether indifferent: not, one would suppose, a successful restoration.

On the other hand, General Franco made it a point to distinguish what he conferred upon Don Juan Carlos from a "restoration." It was rather an "instauration," he said, taking as much liberty with the language as he has with Spanish dynastic processes. General Franco demonstrated his enduring supremacy by doing two extraordinary things to young Don Juan Carlos, wresting from him a) an oath of loyalty to the Franco movement and b) (in effect) an oath of disloyalty to his father. Under the oath to which the Prince has subscribed, he gives "loyalty to His Excellence the Chief of State" (Franco), and pays "fidelity to the principle of the National Movement" (Francoism).

ONE reflects that in the early days of 1933, young Archduke Otto von Hapsburg, the pretender to the throne of Austria, was called to Berlin a few weeks before Hitler took power. Would he, Goering asked, agree to a deal: in return for a public acceptance of the principles of National Socialism as espoused by the Nazi Party, Hitler would restore the monarchy in Austria-Hungary. It was all over again the trip to the mountain top, offering him the great earthly kingdom if only he would sell his soul.

Franco is not of course to be compared with Hitler. But Don Juan Carlos is to be compared with Otto, and per-

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haps the salient distinction arises, that Don Juan Carlos is likely to return to the throne whereas Otto is not likely to. Still, the impression he leaves is unfortunate, especially so in the light of his collusion in a myth, which is that Franco has the power to interrupt the dynasty at will: to dispossess Don Juan, the legitimate king, without consulting anything or anybody at all except his own desires in the matter.

The young imposter (that is how he will be viewed among strict-constructionist circles in Spain and elsewhere) does the fragile institution of the monarchy damage. Thus the *London Daily Telegraph* designates it "less a restoration of the monarchy than a provision to fill a throne left purposely vacant. . . . To the Spanish youth in particular, neither an aging dictator addressing a puppet parliament nor a young aristocrat pledging to perpetuate an authoritarian regime is impressive."

That, mind you, not in an editorial, but in a so-called news story, news stories in England being about as objective as an exhortation by Senator Dirksen.

Ten years ago, the chairman of the private group which had been advising Don Juan, confessed in private that if Franco gave over the throne to Juan Carlos the deed would be outrageous to the sensibilities of Spanish constitutionalism. "But," he said pragmatically, "better that injustice, better that illegitimacy, than chaos and civil war."

THUS ONE CAN EXPECT that, little by little, the legitimists will transfer their loyalties, however grudgingly, to the young king-designate. Franco, the enormously shrewd, apparently languid, political choreographer does not have long in which to build up the reputation of Juan Carlos. While the declaration was being given naming him the successor as chief of state, the national television stations were playing an extremely exciting documentary on the life of a porpoise. Hardly anybody bothered to look on, and it was only at night that Spanish radio carried abbreviated reports of what had happened. All that has to change. Franco's most lamentable stylistic lapses have been the toleration of superunctuous treatment of him by a controlled press: wherever he goes he is treated chiliastically by the press.

Inevitably he must permit this to happen to Don Juan Carlos, lest Franco should die, leaving a successor utterly unknown, utterly undesired, by a public inert from the desuetude of their political muscles. Franco no doubt has carefully decided just how many years he has left to live, intending to live just exactly long enough to make Don Juan Carlos not a threat to him, but believable to the Spanish people. □

MOON THOUGHTS

London, July 28—As a freshman at college seeking grist for the undergraduate newspaper, I approached a famous astrophysicist, Lyman Spitzer, and asked if it were true that he intended to fly to the moon. He replied frostily, "I shouldn't know what to do if I got there."

And indeed the scientific community went back to somnambulism, leaving the moon to science fiction, until the great pressures of our competition with the Soviet Union worked their way through to the White House and John F. Kennedy wrote a memorandum to Lyndon Baines Johnson: "Do we have a chance of beating the Soviets by putting a laboratory into space, or by a trip around the moon, or by a rocket to land on the moon, or by a rocket to go to the moon and back with a man? Is there any other space program which promises dramatic results in which we could win?"

Here in London the *Sunday Times* is quite explicit about it all. The editors regret the choice of the American flag over against the choice of, say, the flag of the United Nations to plant down on the moon, but concede that "without Old Glory standing there alone the objectives set by President Kennedy when he sent America to the moon in 1961 would have been betrayed in the last stride." The gentleman is saying that America suffers from *amour propre*, which is true; which should be true. Lord Ritchie-Calder is a professor of international relations at the University of Edinburgh and a past chairman of the Association of British Science Writers. He is quite forlorn about Apollo 11. "Dare one utter the heresy 'fugitives into space' and suggest that it is an evasion and an exasperation of the problems of our planet?" His lordship observes that, "if Sputnik had not got into orbit first, American prestige had not been affronted . . . we would not have had the technologically bombastic competition between the super-powers and the yip-hurroo of 'man on the moon by 1970.'" And, he concludes, "the world is crying out for bread and is being offered moondust."

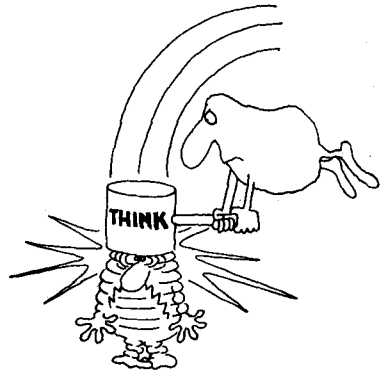
The American press has diligently plied the line that the discovery of a means of reaching the moon is going to have great material benefaction for the earth. My absolute favorite, I mean my all-time favorite, was *Time* Magazine's explaining that in the years to come it might prove economical to manufacture certain kinds of vacuum tubes on the moon, since there are vacuum-type conditions already there, suggesting that we have all these years overlooked the possibility of manufacturing ice on the North Pole, since it is already cold up there.

We cannot doubt that much will be accomplished of a material meaning by the space program—indeed much already has been, and the great achievement will be the mastery of weather, which will give Lord Ritchie-Calder the bread he wants so badly. But that isn't, let's face it, what the moonshot was all about. It was also an Englishman—Mr. Peregrine Worsthorne of the *Telegraph*—who said it best in defense of the whole lunatic venture: "Western man is desperate for a new horizon. Let there be no hypocrisy here. Space is not a philanthropic exercise. It will not help to feed the hungry or clothe the naked. . . . It is, in a sense, highly irresponsible and selfish, almost an aristocratic gesture of contempt by the privileged nations for the bread-and-butter concerns of the less fortunate peoples, and classes. . . . Unless Western man was to atrophy in boredom he needed some more forceful dynamic than guilt and some inspiration more magnetic than charity."

IT WAS INDEED THAT, an aristrocratic venture. All the more so as one emphasizes, rather than de-emphasizes, the commercial inutility of it all, so perfectly expressed years ago by the professor who had no idea what he would do on the moon if suddenly he were plopped there. But how unmitigatedly glorious it was, and how universal the elation! At Canaveral, surrounded by the mighty and the calloused, the blast-off swept us all off our feet, and at London for the touchdown, the crowds at Trafalgar Square were no more excited, I would wager, than the royal family huddled about their telly in Buckingham Palace.

As so often is the case, the world was given a complementary symbol, as when briefly Robert Manry, arriving alone on his thirteen-foot *Tinkerbell*, competed with Apollo 3's eight swings around the earth in 1965. Now the Englishman John Fairfax comes into Fort Lauderdale after rowing *Brittania* for 180 days across the Atlantic. As the lady said years ago, bringing a quick end to a donnish conversation exploring the motives of space travel, "Don't you see, boys will be boys?" To which one adds, once again, "Yes, and men will be heroes." □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)



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A. A Louisiana parish — 1 18 45 65 187 152 161 193 75 139 / 184 55

B. He could have played in one of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic operas — 191 83 72 197 2 222 44 202 163

C. A former division, British Baptists; also a former division, British Methodists — 207 215 24 80 111 131 158 186 3 8 / 38 175

D. A genus of ancestral horses of the upper Eocene — 16 213 95 174 189 110 46 108

E. Will he reverse Earl Warren's record? — 225 12 30 41 61 105 113 117 129 173 / 36 71 135 88 97 200

F. Don't use these when taking the oath — 6 112 140 188 57 209 148 102 168 182

G. A monthly magazine published in Washington, D. C. — 17 42 134 125 142 149 176 98 167 194 / 198 211 217 227 54

H. What William O. Douglas should be — 48 166 68 147 127 76 9

I. A Supreme Court justice from Virginia — 77 7 26 52 59 82 40 73 91 5

J. Canton flannel — 92 124 107 32 150 47 220 183 218

K. Vocal expressions — 154 13 19 31 51 101 179 94 136 62

L. A Supreme Court justice from Ohio — 190 21 43 99 104 116 126 137 146 172 / 159 212

M. Two Supreme Court justices, from South Carolina and Iowa — 141 93 153 85 78 34 115 228

N. A soldier fit for duty — 128 49 69 86 138 155 171 58 35

O. Devoured by certain insects — 199 4 10 15 25 28 37 56 90

P. A girl's name — 201 87 53 14 66

Q. What the English call weak tea — 60 11 63 123 144 196 214 27 79 151 / 205 224

R. A lake in Northern Iowa — 210 81 50 118 157 70 169

S. An inflammatory disease of the skin — 164 114 216 20 180 109 121 203 206

T. A genus of minute nematode worms — 185 145 122 119 96 178 165 226 64

U. What Martha Washington was — 192 84 156 170 223 100 160 208 23 106 / 120 132

V. One of the planets — 195 130 103 177 162

W. A Berber of the hilly coastal region of Morocco — 29 67 39 143

X. What the serious college student does — 33 181 221 89 22 219 133

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (below) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in below, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 816 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

			1 A	2 B	3 C	4 O	5 I		6 F	7 I	8 C	9 H		10 O	11 Q	12 E	13 K		14 P
15 O	16 D		17 G	18 A	19 K	20 S	21 L	22 X		23 U	24 C	25 O	26 I		27 Q	28 O	29 W	30 E	31 K
32 J		33 X		34 M	35 N	36 E	37 O		38 C	39 W		40 I	41 E	42 G	43 L	44 B	45 A	46 D	47 J
48 H		49 N	50 R	51 K		52 I	53 P	54 G		55 A	56 O	57 F	58 N	59 I	60 Q	61 E	62 K		63 Q
64 T		65 A	66 P	67 W	68 H	69 N		70 R	71 E	72 B	73 I	74 D	75 A	76 H		77 I	78 M		79 Q
80 C	81 R	82 I	83 B	84 U	85 M	86 N	87 P	88 E	89 X		90 O	91 I		92 J	93 M	94 K	95 D		96 T
97 E	98 G	99 L		100U	101K	102F	103V	104L	105E		106U	107J	108D		109S		110D	111C	112F
113E	114S		115M	116L	117E	118R	119T	120U	121S		122T		123Q	124J	125G	126L	127H	128N	129E
	130V	131C	132U		133X	134G	135E	136K	137L	138N	139A	140F	141M		142G	143W		144Q	145T
146L		147H	148F	149G	150J	151Q	152A	153M	154K	155N	156U	157R	158C		159L	160U	161A	162V	163B
164S	165T		166H	167G	168F	169R	170U	171N	172L	173E		174D	175C	176G	177V	178T	179K	180S	181X
182F		183J	184A	185T	186C		187A	188F	189D	190L	191B		192U	193A		194G	195V	196Q	
197B	198G	199Q		200E	201F	202B	203S	204L	205Q		206S	207C	208U		209F	210R	211G	212L	
213D	214Q	215C	216S	217G	218J	219X		220J	221X	222B	223U	224Q	225E	226T	227G	228M			

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How this book got its offbeat title — as told by Aloise herself...

Did I *really* tell Timothy that Tommy Major's mother was going to Hell because she voted for Johnson? No, I did not. Once and for all.

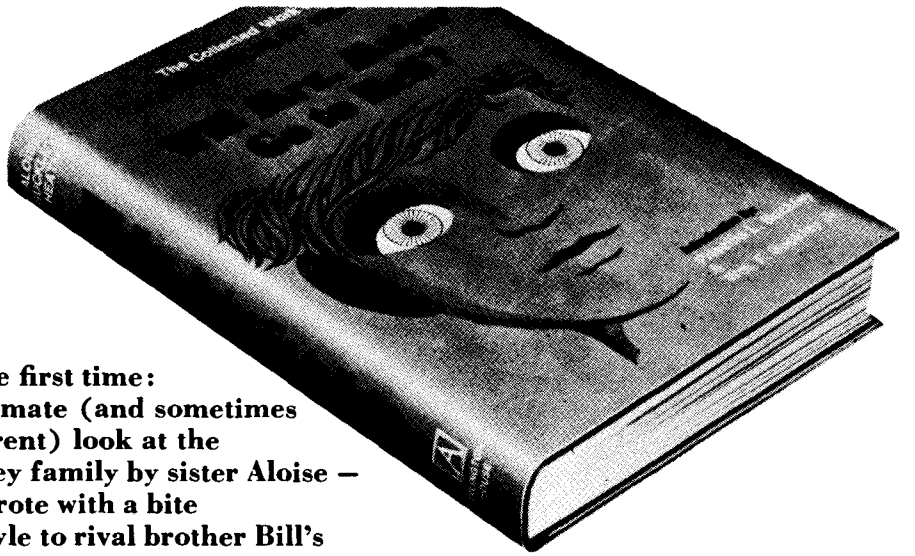
What happened was this. One day Timothy said: "Would you go to Hell if you voted for Johnson?"

I said: "Do you mean me or do you mean people? If you mean me, the answer is yes because I'm an educated voter and I'd be committing a mortal sin if I voted for him. If you mean 'people,' no, because they are not as smart as your dear, dear mother, you lucky boy." Tim looked at me gravely. "Will Tommy's mother go to Hell? She's going to vote for Johnson."

"Oh, I don't think so, Tim," I said, not terribly interested in the whole subject. "She doesn't know enough to know what she's voting for. But wouldn't she be surprised if she *did* go to Hell!"

It was then that I made my big mistake. You remember those lovely warm days last fall. Well, they affect me very badly. They increase my euphoria to the point of mania. I was near the piano while I talked to Tim and I sat down and played and sang, *"Tommy's mother went to Hell/On the Donkey ticket/Now she knows a Johnson vote/Is very, very wicked."* Timothy thought it was charming and rushed out to collect his friends Brian and Billy to hear it. Billy called in his sister Beth who was playing with Pammy Shepherd from the next street over. In about ten minutes there were over a dozen children in the house bawling out at the top of their lungs the news that *"Tommy's mother went to Hell."* And what was I doing? Big fat fool that I am. I was sitting there at the piano bawling it out with them and playing different versions of the piano accompaniment and setting up duets and interesting arrangements and in general behaving not at all like a woman whose living room windows face onto the Major driveway. And that's absolutely all there is to it.

I don't blame her for thinking it was a rehearsal. I don't even blame the children for telephoning her the next few days and nights to sing it. I drummed it into their heads so hard they probably still can't think of another tune. And that I swear is the whole story. It is absolutely what happened. And don't believe any other version.



For the first time: an intimate (and sometimes irreverent) look at the Buckley family by sister Aloise — who wrote with a bite and style to rival brother Bill's

WILL MRS. MAJOR GO TO HELL?

by Aloise Buckley Heath

— with a long, haunting, loving Introduction by Priscilla L. Buckley and William F. Buckley, Jr.
A Selection of the Conservative Book Club.

Aloise Buckley Heath might well have won the acclaim she deserved: as a major American humorist. In this collection of her writing — some published, some appearing for the first time in print, some from the book privately printed as a tribute to her late father — her genius and her gay spirit shine brilliantly to cheer a weary land and to remind us, when we need it most, that life in America can be good, and fun.

She tells us about her father, William F. Buckley, Sr., and how he enforced his simple theory about raising children: "that they become absolutely perfect." She tells about brother Billy who, at age six, wrote to George V demanding that England pay her war debt . . . and about brother Reid who, a generation ahead of his time, sported heavy sideburns.

She tells about her childhood at the family estate in Connecticut and in the capitals of Europe . . . makes real for us the bedrock role of religion in the family's life . . . gives us a warm, close-up view of the Buckley brothers and sisters during the "getting married" years. Laughing all the way, she chronicles brother Bill's rise to fame from his early years at Yale through the first decade of *National Review*. Aloise is always a warm storyteller; at her best she is hilarious.

Aloise died suddenly, tragically, in 1967. This book celebrates her exuberant spirit. Reading it is pure joy. An intimate visit with two wonderful families, at a time when squalor passes for entertainment, here is a book about American family life that is funny, and *inspiring*. The kind of book to remind us that America has more to offer than the present Dark Age.

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NR 274

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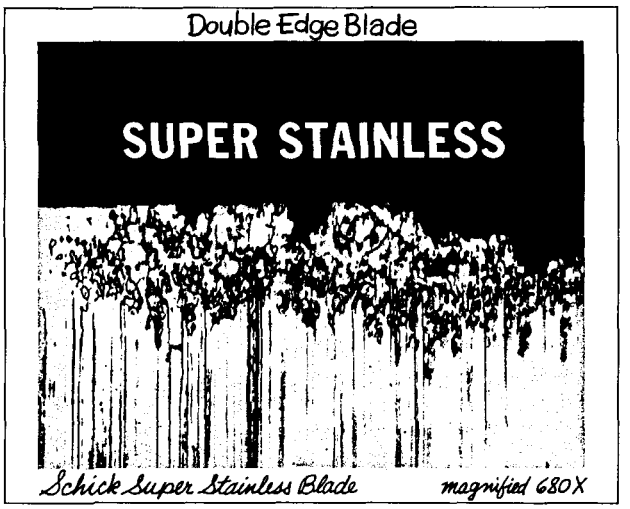
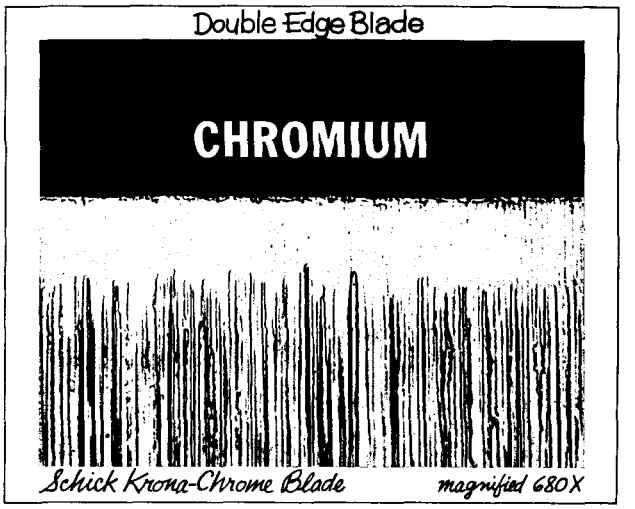
Schick® chromium out-shaves and outlasts any super stainless

(even our own)



Super stainless is not complete protection against corrosion. This, for instance, is a corroded section of a plastic-coated Schick super stainless edge after five shaves, magnified 680 times. It's rough, pitted, corroded.



This is a section of the new plastic-coated Krona-Chrome chromium edge after five shaves, magnified 680 times. As you can see, chromium more effectively resists blade breakdown due to corrosion.

Only Schick Krona-Chrome® has the chromium edge.

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